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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HOBATIO W. NELSON,

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CHAPTER X.

THE DUNGEON.

We now return to the secret expedition from the Tower.

The barge which contained the one-armed Captain Fey and his nephew George, with Hinchliff and the two noblemen, we have seen after rowing away from the water-gate of the Tower with their enormous wealth of booty, reached a brig anchored two miles below. Having placed their treasures safely on board, the cable was silently slipped, and the brigantine put under sail. The dawn was now near, and objects could be each moment more distinctly seen. The friendly haze which had half the night made like a veil over the river was now cleared away, and the morning star, like a lamp going out, was shining less and less brightly, as the light of the morning grew more in the east.

"The day will soon be upon us," said Lord Neagle, turning to Hinchcliff and the captain, and also glancing at the East or Courybeare, who stood near them upon the deck, fiddled in his cloak, for the morning air was chilly and raw.

"Yes," answered the co-burksey, with a frown at the blushing glow of the east, "the shifty hag takes too much time. If we take this chest where all the Hinchliff's Head is will be no lazy sun; for it is nine miles below, and the tide and wind are both against us. And the custom-house officers may be inquisitive, though it is a case of their business."

"We cannot be too careful," answered Lord Neagle. "In a few hours it will be known all over London that the Tower is robbed, and if we are seen landing from the brig this chest at Hinchliff's Head, afterwards the fact will be recollected, and some of us may be known."

"And if you are not known, my brig will be," answered Captain Fey, gruffly, "and I should be overtaken before I could get out of the river, or at least, reach Fenice. If there is no landing before the sun appears, there shall be none for the day."

"We must land the jewels at once, for every vessel that looks suspicious will be searched, and besides, some of the crew of the barge may betray us," said Hinchcliff. "They do not know that it is a robbery, but that is for our own treasure we have had your boat, Captain Fey; but when they shall learn, on going ashore loudly, from shoreboats, that we have actually robbed the Tower, they will comprehend the whole night's work, and for the hope of reward, will betray us."

"Gentlemen," said Lord Inglis, who had stood by, silently listening to their debate, "as I have a far connected to this affair, I will not shrink from further consulting myself to it. The life is one I can fall no lower. The temptation which this wealth holds out is irresistible. You do not all of you know me: it is necessary that you should do so. It is in my power to relieve you of this difficulty. One and a half miles below this is the village of Courbeare-Ford. Close by the bird is the castle of the earl, who is now absent. I have reason to know that there is a covered way from the river to the vaults of that castle. We can, even with this light wind, reach the ford before it is fully day. Fence the chest in a boat, and we will row to the land, where I can procure the secret way to dispose of this treasure, until you can find some wealthy Jew more to convert it into gold coin."

"This is our intention," said Lord Neagle. "For the present we must be perfectly quiet. Any attempt to convert the jewels into money just now, would expose us to detection. All we have to do is to preserve a secret hiding-place for them. This we could find at Hinchliff's Head, three leagues below, an old ruin in which dwells a fisherman who is in Hinchliff's interests here—a cousin, I believe?"

"Yes, my lord. They will be as safe with him as in a bank."

"But we must find a place now, as the day is surprising on. It is important, also, that we should all be back in London, to escape suspicion."

"My view is," said Fey, in his blunt way, "that the further you keep from London, the better for your heads. If you are suspected, a proof that you had never left London all night would be save you in a cave like this, but such proof you could not get. Keep out of London. But what does this gentleman propose?"

"To secrete the jewels," answered Lord Courbeare.

"Not my share. I don't know you. I will take my share, and run the risk of being taken, on the whole. I can get money on them in Spain? The rest you may take ashore."

After a few moments' discussion, they all went into the cabin, and having selected from the precious store what the noblemen and captain thought he ought to have, three diamonds and seven pearls, valued at not less than twenty thousand pounds, the remainder was replaced in the chest, which was put into a boat, followed by Hinchcliff and the two noblemen. Two oars were ordered into it as oarsmen; and as the brigantine was now nearly opposite the chateau of the earl, they pulled shoreward, bidding adieu to the captain of the vessel, which slowly kept on under sail, but not so fast that the boat, after landing the three men and their chest, did not overtake her just below the ford.

When the "gig" reached her, the two men sprung on board, and the vessel, with all sail upon her, forged her way down the Thames, the surface of which was already reflecting the redness of the eastern sky. The morning star still was visible, but fast melting into the light of day. In a few moments the sun would be up. The party on shore now prepared to conceal themselves and their treasure. Lord Neagle, who had found a handkerchief about the lower part of his face as the night became more dangerous to ply for scrutiny which Lord Courbeare might make of his features, now lifted the chest on the shoulders of Hinchcliff, who muttered, "That he was as good as a lord, and that the poor might carry it as well as he." But the habitual and inbred deference to the nobility of the lower class of men, led him (who was by nature a bold leader and master spirit of the expedition) to obey and bear the treasure. Lord Courbeare led the way from the dark shadows of the outlet of the moat, which was hidden from the eye of day by the impenetrable obscurity of thickly growing trees. The path wound close by the side of the moat for fifty yards, when it ascended by steps into the garden of the earl's castle. Through a dense avenue of larch and lime trees, they arrived at a small gate, secured and shrubbery, which for years the gardener's knife had not clipped, but left in all the disarrangements of nature. Pressing his foot heavily three or four times upon a flat stone in the grass-worn pavement close to the stone post, the master-door slowly turned on its hinges, and opened outward.

"Secret as a tomb, my lord," said Lord Neagle, as he looked into the gloomy and cavernous recess.

"It is a tomb, for it smells of death! I know that odor well," said Hinchcliff, as he set down the chest.

Lord Neagle nodded, recollecting the place in the cul-de-sac where he had found him when he went to examine the keys he had made for the Tower, and which they had so successfully made use of.

The earl made no other rejoinder than—

"There are steps! Be careful, as they may be slippery."

They descended several damp steps, and found themselves in a room about twelve feet square. As it was perfectly dark, Hinchcliff, who had his hackers with him, after closing the door, lighted it by a lantern, and revealed a damp and dismal floor of water.

"This was formerly a prison, and has interesting and sad historics," said the earl. "Here is a closet, closed with a strong iron door. For what purpose constructed, I know not; but I think for concealment, as it will hold four or five persons standing upright, and a skeleton was found in it by the fifth earl, my ancestor!"

"Are you an earl?" said Fey, by the queen's beard, I John Hinchcliff, have consorted with noble company tonight!"

The earl looked confused and angry with himself for having unwillingly betrayed his rank and title to such an unprincipled person. But Lord Neagle knew him, the reader is already aware, while he did not know the former through his disguise of wig and beard, and French seaman's costume; all he knew was that Lord Henry Neagle professed of himself—that he was, like himself, a noble; but to have his secret known to a man who might betray him, and bring him to the block, annoyed him. For a moment his eyes flashed; but with an effort he restrained himself, and said—

"I said not I was an earl, fellow!"

"Fellow me not! You are too late! I know well enough from what you let out, and your knowledge of this secret, you are Earl Courbeare. I've heard of you as the bonniest player in London. Lost, I suppose, and tried to crown yourself, and being saved, have thought best to join us. All right! I shall myself buy an estate here with all our money, and we'll be three jolly lords together!"

"Hist your folly, Hinchcliff! If we use you for our own gains, we forget not that we are nobles, and you a peasant! Silence! Lift the chest into that closet!"

Muttering deep oaths, the man crossed the watery floor, and obeyed.

"I'll hide my time! Those lords may dance now, wife, I fiddle; but I'll make the dance to another tune, and Jack Ketch playing it!" Lord Inglis had quick ears and head, but shrewd no other sign of emotion than compressing his lips.

The earl had pressed the wall, and a stone the depth of a man revolving, had exposed an opening within about four feet deep. It was a recess excavated out of the solid rock.

"Help me, Lord Neagle! I can't lift the chest in! You make me do all the work, and I ought to have double shares!—Curse your white hands!"

The earl sprung forward and lifted one end of the chest, while Hinchcliff, standing on the floor of the closet, raised and drew in the other. "Stand back further and draw it to the rear of the recess. Farther yet. That will do! Stay!"

As the Earl of Courbeare spoke the last word, which he uttered in a low tone and determined that Lord Neagle started, he pressed his hand and knife firmly against the revolving rock, and the mass of granite swung round with resistless power, and shut in the wildly shrieking treasure as in a tomb. It closed hermetically, as his sudden cry silent.

"What have you done, my lord?" cried Lord Neagle, with horror.

"Secured a league that would have betrayed me and thee—"

"Do you mean to kill him?"

"I have never let the dead rise again!"

"It is dreadful!"

"It is necessary as for you to hang on Tyburn. That man would have betrayed us! I heard his low threat! He is of no more use either to you or me—only a source of fear and a dread. Now the secret is ours."

Lord Neagle was silent for a moment. He shut his lips closely, and seemed to reflect. He then replied in a kind affirmative—

"Yes—you are right. Let him perish. We have another band of the low-born blind. But is there no outlet—is air—"

"None that I know of."

"He will be a safe sentinel over our treasures. By the Lord, his ghost will haunt them!"

"Ghosts! I fear not—men, not ghosts!" answered the earl, as he sounded the step. "I fear one more than devils! It is man that makes earth hell to hell the men. It was the fear of my creditors that made me leap the parapet. I would rather meet Satan and all his hosts, than one who are my foes! This fellow will be quiet enough now. So let him be. And now, sir," said the earl, drawing up his tall form in the doorway that opened into the garden, the tops of the trees in which were already catching the first sunlight, "tell me who you are. I am in your power. A nobleman's word is sacred. I cannot betray you: yet I closed the stone upon your low accomplice: let me saved my life, and I am not ungrateful."

Lord Neagle at a bound placed himself close outside of the dungeon, and half drew his dagger as he surveyed the earl with glances that seemed wavering between friendly and hostile.

"We had best be frank. You say you are a noble. We need have no concealment from each other."

"True, my Lord Inglis. But—"

"You need not answer. I now know whom you be. You are Lord Henry Neagle?"

"True, my lord," answered the young nobleman, bowing.

"Come my daughter's suitor, and cast off for your dissolute life," said the earl, sternly.

"It becomes me you, my lord, to rebuke. If I have been dissolute, you have aided me in robbing the Tower, and are but a rascal suicide!"

"Enough! Let us not recriminate. We are both good enough devils, I dare swear!"

This was spoken with bitter irony and a cold smile. "Come with me. We must be friends."

"No, my lord—not now. I must return to London. As we understand each other, we need not fear each other. Our mutual safety hangs on our mutual confidence."

"True," answered the earl, as he closed the door of the dungeon as coolly as if he had not buried a man alive within the solid rock that formed its rear wall. "Do you love Isabel, my lord?" he suddenly demanded.

"I did—but not now. She has despised me!"

"Poor daughter. I must hasten to her. Already, I fear, she has heard of my attempted suicide, and mourns me dead. Now that we have wealth, my lord, her happiness is secured. I have done all this for her sake. But by what means shall we turn these jewels into gold?"

"I have a friend—a Jew. Him I will call upon, and propose that he comes the third day hence to see the treasure, and say what money he can advance upon it."

"I pass the whole?"

"No. I will take such jewels out as I wish to turn into money. The largest and best known I shall keep for the continent."

"It is important I realize securely thousand pounds before to-night."

"Impossible, my lord!"

"Nothing is impossible. I do not know the word. Joshua made yonder rising sun stand still! And the earl pointed through the trees to the orchard which he named; for they still stood in the secluded walk by the door of the dungeon. "I trust it is well here perched in the river, or as well not have joined you in this robbery, my lord, if it is not to benefit me to-day; for it was the fear of facing this day with its obligations and its debts, to fly to suicide. Now, sir, this wealth will do me no good to save my honor, unless I can use it to-day. What is the least value of what we shall divide together?"

Here a slight noise, like a leaf falling and rustling upon dried leaves, caused him to look round with a quick and suspicious glance. He saw no one, but he said—

"I think I heard a step, my lord. This spot is secluded enough, but yet we cannot be too cautious."

"About half a million each—so Hinchcliff said, and he knew the value of each, having so long been before dealing in them, and heard their value spoken of."

"Half a million each—to you and to me each —or do you include his share?" and the earl looked over his shoulder with fear and disgust.

"No—I forgot him. It will be three quarters of a million to each of us!"

"So many pebbles unless can turn it into gold!"

"I will try and aid you, my lord, but on one condition—"

"What is it?"

"That you give your consent that I shall woo your daughter."

"Ah, my lord! If I get this gold I shall pay all my debts, recover my mortgages, and be a lord and a gentleman, and live as becomes my rank, and this little passage of my life will be a secret to the world. I shall be courted and honored. The Lady Isabel will be admired and sought, and as an heiress, will be a match for the best peer in the realm. You ask too large a prize, my lord. Name something less."

"Will, my lord," answered Lord Harry Neagle, laughing, but coloring, "I suppose I am too great a rogue to aspire to the hand of your daughter, when you shall live on the fruits of our robbery, as become your rank. Never mind—I will not ask her hand."

"I would rather her head were given to the headsman than her hand to you or my lord!"

"Let us not quarrel about a lady, my dear Earl. We will make no compacts, and so break none. To effect you how generous I am, and how I regard your honor, I will this morning see the Jew Bondilow concerning the loan to-day!"

"I trust so!"

"I had depended on that rogue, Hinchcliff, to do much for me in the way of a go-between. But he is as well where he is, as I have seen he is not to be trusted."

"With three fellows there can be no honor in keeping faith with noblemen, who, though they may use them, they feel to despise them. It was a rough death, but there was an alternative."

"Think you he is dead?"

"Not yet. It will take some hours for him to consume all the oxygen in the cell."

"But, my Lord, I must get at the jewels when the Jew comes. It is five miles to London. It will be five hours at the farthest before I can return here with one. Where shall I find you?—and what shall we do with the dead man?"

"It is necessary I go at once to London to reassure my daughter of my safety; for I sent a child I met in the street to her with a line, informing her that I was about to take my life, and that she was a beggar. Her she gets the news, or ere it drives her crazy, I must hasten to her. You can find me at my house, No. 22 St. James street."

"I know the place well, my Lord," answered Lord Inglis, with a slight sneer. "I was well nigh kicked out of it last night. But she consoled herself for my absence with Sir Willers Courtney."

"Was he there?" demanded the earl, quickly.

"Yes, my Lord. He seemed in good favor, too."

The earl made no reply, but a singular expression passed over his face.

"But let this pass," added Lord Neagle. "I see no way of raising the money you want except by bringing the Jew hither. It went do to take him at that dungeon. It is no place to drive a bargain in, though one enough to conceal treasures. I propose that you have two hundred thousand pounds' worth of the jewels conveyed to your library, to which place the Jew shall come."

"He must be blind hither blindfolded."

"I will see to that, your Lordship. It is necessary for both our safety that he has no clue given him to know either of us. I know a Jew who, for certain reasons, will be willing to purchase—and then it will be for his interest to keep the secret."

"If you know such a man, go and bring him up quickly. I will write to my wife this moment, while I write a note to my daughter. This path, my Lord. It is something sanded, as I have not for some weeks been here—dance, indeed, I mortgaged it. It is this narrow path to a few smaller obligations due to-day, I wish the seventy thousand pounds to erect. We shall find the old postern open to us, and descender there is no trespass."

They passed around an angle of the chateau, and ascending a staircase between two burrows, Lord Inglis knocked at a door in the wing. After a few moments it was opened by a gray-haired old man, very short of stature, and with a long, winding nose, the large size of which was probably an enormous pair of horn spectacles. Upon recognizing his lord, he bowed, and then doffed his cold head half a dozen times, in token of his homage and welcome.

"Bless my soul! Glad to see my Lord. Hope my Lord's come to stay. Hope my Lady S'bel is all right and happy. Hope—hope—hope—"

The library was cold and cheerless. The earl bade a poor welcome to his domestic, and before he could fill his pen to write. While inscribing a few lines to Lady Isabel, Lord Neagle carelessly sauntered about, gazing upon the books with which the four walls were lined, placed in handsomely-carved oaken cases. In an old-fashioned library, such as Sir Walter Raleigh might have had in the Tower, he was surprised.

The Earl of Courbeare wrote as follows:

"My dear—Do not be ill unless you are in bed and in full health. I write lest you should have had any intelligence of my suicide. I am not dead, and will tell you everything presently; and since I find that my fortunes are not desperate, I shall not commit the crime. Be kind and mortgage; and your fortune, and a larger than you have had, will be at your command. I shall be in London to-night to embrace you, my beloved daughter.

"Your affectionate father,

"COURBEARE.

"P. S. Hinchcliff, Dead.

"I s.w., Thursday."

The earl then folded and sealed it, and calling the domestic, said—

"Joshua, take this over to the Inn, and bid Will Wild, the miller's boy, to set post-haste by his pony-by to London, to Lady Isabel."

"The mob lads are all on the road, my lor', and would be glad to go."

"I thought the troops had put down the rioters and dispersed them. But it seems, indeed, old man. In thy day there must been a good rider."

"Yes, and I am yet, my lor'!"

"Go then, if thou hast fear of the post-boy's being stopped. It will be safer with thee. There are three horses yet left in the stable. Go—mount the swiftest, and return having use word of my daughter; and thy reward will be in proportion to thy haste."

"I will be back in an hour and a half my lor'," answered the groom, as he left the room.

"Now, this settled, we must try and find some place to meet this Jew," said the earl to Lord Neagle. "While you go to London for him, I will remove from the chest so much of the treasures as I think will be valued at about two hundred thousand pounds, and bring it into this study." As the earl spoke, he showed the noble-man a small door somewhat of the library, used as a cabinet. "He must see no books, nor nothing that he can recognize, or by which he can guess at

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my name and the place to which he is conveyed. By the time you return I will have the place ready. Now, my Lord Neagle, good speed to a quick return! I will watch the door to receive you. You had best come by the river, and hail above the village; that no one may notice your approach. See that the Jew is muffled!"

"I will, my lord; let would put out his eyes rather than lose the guide I shall promise him."

Lord Neagle now took his departure from the chateau, and crossing over the lawn, hailed a coachman, and in an instant was on his way to London. As he went along, he soon pumped the disaffected rioters of the corn-law party standing at the crossroads, and as he drew near the suburbs their numbers increased so greatly, that he perceived there would that day be a renewal of the sanguinary riots of the preceding day. He soon after met a detachment of troops on their way out of town, to take up a position in the vicinity of the rioters. At length he alighted near St. Paul's church, and giving orders for his post-chay to await him at a little distance, he proceeded on his way to the house of the Jew whom he came to seek. It was not wholly for the end which we have described as the errand; but he began to feel the importance, for his own safety, that money enough to enable him to leave England, and to carry out certain plans before leaving, must be realized at once—before the union of the colonies should be wholly published. This was of course a departure from his first policy—which was, to wait until the affair should blow over; but the cat's haste impaled him with a like desire to leave his place in the vicinity of the rioters.

It was full nine o'clock in the morning when he came into London Hall street, out of which was a court, occupied mainly by Israelitish workers and money-changers. These shops were not so much in their outward appearance to be considered better-fare in another part of London, inhabited by the Kingly Israelite, Gabalist, and Rothschild banker. Within the door of one of these shops Lord Neagle disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ASSASSINATION.

We now return to Lady Neagle in her own mansion of the Earl of Conyleare, at the time when Lord Neagle took his angry leave of her, meditating threats of revenge both against her and Sir Villiers Courtney.

Without question, she had once loved the young and dissipated noble; but now she felt for him no other emotions than those of contempt and dread.—If so gentle a heart could harbor such a feeling. But there arrives in a true woman's breast a sense of anger against the lover who has proved unworthy of her,—of anger against herself and against him. She forgives neither. It is the struggle, therefore, between two such hearts, the wonder and the wonderful, to effect a reconciliation. In the present case, it presents himself in a woman, with her heart in this state, if he is noble in nature and full of sympathy and tenderness, his patience and love overcome also her pride, appease her anger, restores her to her self-respect, and she pardons him with a double devotion.—for it is the loss of devotion that has wounded her. The vine which the elm supports, when torn upon the oak, clings to the nearest tree that offers a limb to support it. So with woman. She is the most readily won by a worthy lover, who has just loved one unworthy of her.

Sir Villiers Courtney was every way worthy of her love. While she was fascinated, as it were, with Lord Neagle, he was her superior in the delightful knight to the field of the heart, walked by him, and seemed that as the angel of virtuous and grand; that she had often walked in her sleep, but never before so far; that usually there was a light and some one in her room, but that now she was not was with her, as the woman had gone to Vermillion Cross to be buried with her child.

Upon alighting at the door the fair creature produced a key and unlocked it; entering, Sir Villiers, pleased to see that Lady Isabel had become interested, " and she invited them up, that her father might see them. Lady Isabel, however, insisted on going up, but his friend remained in the drawing-room, to converse with the old man on the affair in Lord Edrington's own words :

"Your daughter is the light of a disgraced lamp a flight of broad stairs we ascends, and she led me along a gallery to the door at the farther end. She then opened the door, and I saw a yellow fire flowing rude half-concealing, half revealing the most prepossessing of female forms. Upon the first open-like tones of voice, all fascinated me; and I resolved, for my own pleasure, to enter the lists for the adventure, and know where such a sweet nightingale had her nest.

" Another key which she, singularly enough, had about her, opened a door at the end of the gallery, through which I passed, and found myself in the den of danger, and I attempted to open the door, but found it fire and sprightly, had no strength. I then glanced about the chamber to see in what place I was, and how I could escape. That I was entrapped for some purpose I could not be numbered, I at once perceived. The room was richly covered with Persian carpets, lofty, well lighted, with gilded cornices and handsome carpet. On the opposite side stood a splendid bed, which was suspended from a rich canopy above it. There were two other doors to the room. Upon a chair by the bed-side lay a female suit of apparel, handsomely dressed, and a hat was upon the table near by; and a dressing-case, containing all the rich and everything distributed with the carelessness with which one undresses to retire for the night.

" 'Some one is in that bed,' said I to myself. I softly approached it; but fearing a surprise, I turned aside and softly drew open the door. I saw that there would move. They were as firm as if united from top to bottom. I looked at the windows, they were three in number, but these were fast. My foot hit against an object on the floor. It was a dagger. By the light of the three was candles which burned over the mantle, I saw fresh blood besmearing the otherwise bright steel of the blade. I shuddered and felt my heart sound with fear. I felt that I was betrayed by my affirmation for beauty, and my sympathy for young virgins in distress into great peril. Evidently some one had been murdered. I might be the next victim! I rushed against the door which the beautiful maiden had locked upon me. At this moment I heard loud cries as if in the street. It was the voice of a female. I could have sworn it was her voice. What she cried I understood not. This gave me the idea of shouting to Lord Beresford for help. I did so, coupling with his name, 'Murder! murder! Help, help!' both in English and French. Soon my ears called I heard from below an answering cry. It was 'Murder, murder!' I could hear no more with distinctness, and then I was relieved; I said, 'I shall not die here by assassins!' I wondered, my voice had not aroused the sleeper in the bed; and hearing no sound there, I suspected I had been mistaken in supposing it to be occupied. What was my anger in my hand to quiet against surprise (for I had begun to believe my senses), to the lovely creature, ready to spring out upon me as soon as an opportunity should offer for the fatal blow. I drew a chair to the bed-side and drew back with one hand the curtains, while with the other I brandished the dagger.

" 'Imagine my horror at beholding lying upon the white sheets the crimson corpse of a murdered man! He had been a man of middle-dress, gaping wounds in his naked breast, and all of them were still oozing blood. I uttered a cry of terror and surprise, and stood for a moment transfixed by the fearful spectacle. At this moment a noise, which I took to be that of a key, was heard immediately at the door! It was turned open, and I had time only to step behind it, when the assassin and his female accomplice-demon bound into the room. Upon seeing the lady extended on the bed, and the dead man, and then calling out, 'Murderer, Assassin!' advanced to seize me.

" Instantly the white truth flashed upon me! I perceived that this girl, or some one associated with her, had been using conversation with me to detain me until I should retire; and in order to fasten the crime upon others, had placed me where I had done so, as a victim. I felt that if I suffered myself to be taken, a French prison and the guillotine would be the result. I felt that appeals me would be overpowering. found as I was with the dagger in my hand, and the corpse, and alone by the bed. By good fortune, Lord Beresford had come up also, on hearing the cry of murder, during the time I was in the room. I got into the gallery, and followed and got into the port-cochere, then the second door, and entered the room where I had left the room where I was. I called to him, and told him that I should not be long accountable for the murdered man's room to have the door fastened upon me. He comprehended at once my perilous situation, and I was out of danger, and safe by his being in an instant those of the men who were pursuing me, and who, seeing me with Lord Beresford taking his place by my side, we fought for their lives; and they, seeing that I was armed, ground arms who would have stopped me. It was a desperate conflict for a few moments, but we succeeded in driving the assassins back, and closing with a speed that doted parents; but not without receiving several wounds, one of which was severe. After driving through several streets in a devious manner, I called on Lord Beresford's friends, and finally reached our hotel in safety. The next morning all Paris was in excitement. The murdered man, Isabel and Mademoiselle were found. The manner in which the murderer (meaning me) had effected his escape was known. The police believed from their voices to be English."

" Upon this the old Jew related the manner in which Lady Isabel had given such deep and surprised attention.

" What an extraordinary adventure!" she said.

" Marvelous—and only possible in Paris."

" And the murderer—the assassin—could have been convicted if arrested."

" Not certainly; unless the true assassins could be found. One of them, if not the only one, must have been Mademoiselle Vermillion Cross. Lord Edrington says it would have been impossible for so slight a person to have inflicted those deep wounds with the same force of blow. It was a strong wielding weapon of death under the influence of that evening prompted by a sudden impulse and for the moment."

" Without doubt she was the murderer! But how strange her mode of action!"

" It betokens finished crime to conceive of such a way of getting the dead upon others, and then such fiendish wickedness thus to involve the innocent. Lord Edrington's opinion was correct at the time. I fallen world. She must have gone in a cab, which a bracket against the wall. Around it were hung the watch in the hall, and then, when she had time to wait for them to alight; for she hardly could have gone so far with naked feet and in a night dress. Without being seen, she had to do so, as unfully done. Edrington thinks she knew who I was, and chose to watch the door, her object to be there at their porte-cochere just as they were leaving, and then to have me arrested. It was a rough copy of a challenge to Sir Paul Varney—"

" For the mortal combat?"

" Not—oh, no—to play for fifty thousand pounds! My father's only fault at play! He has I know not what fear that I shall be a gambler. I am not, father."

" Nay, confide in me, dear Lady Isabel! Suffer me to help you to bear your sorrows, whatever they may be!"

" You shall know all, Sir Villiers! My father has mortgaged not only his castle at Conyleare-Hall, Dublin money to meet his losses, but sold his estates in Hertfordshire. He has confided to me nothing. He believes I am ignorant of all! His devotion to me leads him to conceal every thing which he thinks will pain me. I have discovered his secret by his 'notes' of losses and loss, he he has so poor a memory he notes down every thing, which I have taken from his coat while he slept. Then in his sleep he talks incoherently of being a beggar and of ruining me! To-day he has been in great trouble. He went out at dark, and I knew had gone with fifty thousand pounds, which he put to-day for the mortgage of this house, to De Freiz-ler. He has lost most of his money to Sir Paul Varney!"

" The best and most dangerous player in the kingdom."

" My poor father, hoping to recover all he re-lost, went out to play again at the gaming-house. I only know this after he had left, by finding the copy of the letter he had on the table. It was from Sir Lord Neagle had not come in I should have been led to have gone and urged him to return home. Dear, dear Sir Villiers, I have had it in my heart twenty times to tell you all! and ask you to go and see if it is yet too late to save him! for if Sir Paul Varney wins the fifty thousand pounds, it is my father's all! and I fear—I dare not say aloud dreadful thing I fear! I could not tell you for fear you would despise me! or for fear you would find no a beggar you would, if you trothed to me—but no! pardon me—I do your noble character injustice! I talk wildly and incoherently. Now you know all! If you regard me with favor fly to save my father. Return him to me and—"

" And what, dearest Isabel?"

" I'll give you my hand!"

Sir Villiers pressed her hand to his lips, and thanking her for her last telling him once more of her confidence, he hastened from her presence to seek the out at De Freiz's.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SUMMONS AND ARREST.

Sir Villiers Courtney, after quitting the presence of Lady Isabel, took his way, with rapid step, in the direction of the gaming saloon of De Freiz. Upon his arrival he saw the Earl of Conyleare from Paris, combined with an ardent wish to ward off a duel, a blow that would render the Earl unable, quickened each moment his footsteps, so that after he had reached De Freiz's he found himself fairly running.

At length he came into the street in a court out of which was the gaming-house. He well knows to all the fast nobility of London. Descending this he found a number of carriages, drawn up before the building, he saw Lord Ingles pass up to the gorgeous saloon which, from the full-length wrought there, are not inappropriately called "halls."

It was after twelve o'clock. Upon reaching the door, and entering the house, he was shown directly to the lighted saloon—for we must confess that Sir Villiers Courtney was one of the habitues of the place, merely to pass an idle hour with a friend—a fellow-officer in the army. It was a house of the rank of disclosures at all for a gentleman of the present character to be seen in, one of those halls of fashion, which, in London, are the resort of everything" is the common and true saying of the "upper ten thousand," and that every "place" is authorized in the Queen's palace, and Sir Peter Courcy sits down to cards at Windsor, who shall be to hold as to point his finger to a lamost or a nobleman for playing or passing under the same roof—even under that of the notorious De Freiz! As "kings can do no wrong."

Upon this, so large a scale, is the principle of claim for themselves exemptions, and take license from the intelligence of all vices. Was this assertion of the theatre in England when the Queen has private theatricals in the royal palace—and she the political head of the Church!

The reader will now understand why Sir Villiers Courtney, a man of honor, could associate with the virtuous, and yet, and honorable English gentlemen—even under that of the notorious De Freiz's. Truly, he found great company there! Lords and dukes, barons and baronets, and even admirals! Surely, he was kept in good countenance as he looked about him.

Upon the first floor as he entered was Lord Edrington, who was sauntering about, holding his watch in his palm, as if he were waiting for some one to come round for an appointment otherwhere.

" Ah, Captain Sir Villiers," said the nobleman, as he saw the entrance of the sculptures, " you are abroad at a wicked late hour for a model moral man as you are known, as all the old dowagers of young ladies say you are."

This was spoken in a smile and an extended hand, which Villiers took.

" Were you, my lord, a little sinister in your speech, I should say you had come to witness the guillotined three weeks ago in Paris!"

" Sir Villiers!" answered Edrington, turning pale. " It is an ugly subject! Ball, I confess! but such a fate! Ah! I feel that were I am in London, and a quick step behind me sends my blood to my head from my heart!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

down upon us through the fog, and close aboard, but a large brigantine under press of sail. We shouted and waved them, but either they did not hear or didn't care, they were going so like the diable himself, for the next moment they crossed in a misty plume, cut us sheer in two amidships, as I would cut a melon, and toppling over on each side, down went each half of our craft, while the ship, scarce checked in her speed, kept on her way, their captain's blood-curdling cursing of us in answer for laying in his track."

"May the curses fall on him should we meet ever," answered the captain, with a deep French execration. "How long ago was this?"

"Not above half an hour."

"Not so long," said another of the men.

"It seemed an age to us in the water," said a third.

"To your cots! Give way, men, for your lives. The wind lulls, and we may yet have our revenges, and get a duck to take us over to France. Dead ones seine to every one," he cried to a man in a sort of corsair cap and a beard that might have raised the envy of a grand Turk. "I seen to everything that brigandine or die in the attempt," he said, with an energy of tone which inspired the spirit into his men which animated himself. The boat had nine oarsmen, besides a steersman at the helm. It contained, with the prisoners and three rescued from the water, nineteen persons in all.

The day was just dawning. The brigantine, erect in the stern-sheets, kept his piercing gaze directed down the river. Under the influence of the sun and the wine, the boat made the waters like before his prow, and roar in its wake seemed to augment it grow lighter, and the keen eye of the chief of the party sought to discover the object of their pursuit among the anchored shipping that lay strung down as fast, was anchored in great numbers. At length the land wound at another was past, and the down, just rounding a bend in the river, the disappearing masts of a brigantine about to put to sea were visible in the dim dawn.

"Voila!" shouted the captain, extending his arm and hand and Jacques. "Is that the craft?"

"The very one, Monsieur," answered Jacques, who had been the mate of the unfortunate vessel.

"Then she is ours. The wind is falling. Give way, men! All your souls' lives depend on this. Never heed fatigue! If we take her, every man of you shall have gold enough to retire."

This word was received with a loud hurra, and the nine men, flatly rising to their feet, and then flinging themselves backward with their whole force, sent the boat along the water with redoubled velocity.

All was now intense activity. The arms of the corsmen were examined over by the men, and each laid ready for their use at a moment's warning. The party no longer were muted. The black steersman, which said that they were to be, were laid aside in the boat, as if they were now so secure as to be indifferent to discovery by the prisoners. The face thus presented to the view of the two mariners were four as determined a villainous countenance as could well be imagined. The chief was a man of forty years, with jet black hair and eyes, a ruddy, dark cheek, and a heavy mustache. He was a handsome man, as all brave men are. By nature he seemed to be of a kind and generous and self-reliance—the beauty of courage! His ordinary manner was mild, but he was, when a young youth, not certainly more than twenty years of age. His features were pale and elegant, but extremely determined; and his eyes were flashing fierce, while his mouth, well-formed and thin-lipped, wore an insignificant, and, what one might fancy, a blood-thirsty expression. He looked, thought Islington, as he involuntarily shuddered at the sight of it he had no mercy or pity for one in his power. He relaxed not a muscle of his face when he had removed the muzzle of the pistol he held from covering the heart of Islington, nor stirred his forefinger from the cocked trigger. So intent was he in watching the prisoners, that he scarcely interested himself in the vessel before them.

"We must board her," said the captain, looking at him.

He simply nodded, not moving his lips. But of the prisoners felt that the slightest attempt on their part to escape would be attended with instant death by his hand.

As Bertrand cast his eye over the boat's crew, he saw that they were all French, or Levantines, but two, who were evidently English smugglers, or, perhaps, men of a worse trade still—men on whose face villainy and wickedness were written as with a pen of iron dipped in fire.

"Truly," thought he, "a bad fellow is the worst-looking man of all sailors. I never saw a set of Satanses in his visage than any other race on board of. If the devil were to choose, he would take the countenance of an English outlaw. "There were the other men of the four who had got upon the vessel.

The face of the boatsman were black and clear-fall, and as they roved, they laughed as he thought at the humanities were not yet all dead within their bosoms.

For a few minutes the brigantine—which the reader will by this time have suspected to be that commanded by Fly, the smuggler—kept steady, and out of view behind the point of land; but the boat soon came so near as to open her sails, without three-quarters of a mile distant. The sun was now flaming golden light on the sea, lined with orange and crimson, all the eastern hemisphere, and objects were everywhere catching the glory of the morning. It was a fine morning for sun, fine breeded, rose upon the world, and filled all the landscape with the enchanting harmony with dazzling splendor. The window of the cot of the peasant blazed with the golden light of day, as well as those of Windsor Castle, and even the genial memories and terrors of the dark Tower blazed with gold. How little man heeds what is often repeated! Every new sunrise is a new creation, as wonderful as the first which rose on the earth. But the party in the boat only noticed the coming sun by a wish that it had stayed for eight hours, or they could, under darkness, have boarded and carried the brigantine.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

INGENIOUS TEST.

A Spaniard having stolen a horse from an Indian, the latter convicted him of the offence by a very ingenious plan. He complained to a judge, who had the Spaniard, with the horse, brought before him. The prisoner owned that the animal belonged to him, and that he had always had it, so that the Indian did not find himself in a position to convict. He was even about to return the horse to him, when the Indian said, "If you will allow me, I will prove that the animal belongs to me." Immediately he pulled off his cloak, and, covering the horse's head, asked the Spaniard of which eye it was blind. The robber was much embarrassed at the question, but, nevertheless, not to delay the court, he replied, at hazard, that it was the right eye. The Indian, uncovering the head, exclaimed: "The horse is not blind either of the right eye or the left." The judge immediately decided that the animal was his.

THE VOICE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Through the gloom of even,
Through the light of morn,
Through the noon's clear shining,
Still that voice is borne.

Now 'tis loud and earnest,
Now 'tis soft and low,—
Now, in sweetest pleading,
Soft its numbers flow.

Still the voice of voices,
In the forest lone—
Where the ocean sounds not—
Still I hear the tone.

At my life is haunted,
Still that voice is near,
And I hear the echo
When I come to die!

THE TWO PARTINGS;

OR,

RALPH HUGHSON'S LIFE AND DEATH.

Sometimes to live is ungenerous; forbear.

"Farewell, Mr. Hughson!" he said, "may your generosity has called forth a gratitude so fervent and intense, that I know not how to express it. Owing all to you, believe me that the sacrifice of all I am, and all that so my time I may have, shall be cheerfully made to you. Every such a sacrifice could add to your comfort or happiness."

"Do not mention it, Ralph," answered Mr. Morgrave, good-humouredly. "You know what I have given you can well be spared, and I ask nothing in return but to know that you are doing well in the world, and that another year has passed, and the time, do you not, my dear?"

"Certainly," the lady answered, laughingly, not removing her eyes from her embroidery-frame.

Mr. Hughson made his new acquaintance a very good-wishes will follow him into foreign lands."

Notwithstanding the languid manner in which the boy's regard for Hughson was announced, and a double meaning, that did not fail to strike Ralph Hughson's ears. The lad was naturally of a very intelligent face, he faltered a little, but simply replied, "Thank you, Mr. Morgrave," he turned to the only other occupant of the room.

"Miss Alice," he said, "I can going away, perhaps never to return, and I cannot go without a memory, to there for once to the thanks my grateful heart longs to utter for all I owe you. I owe your father I owe the means of preparing myself for the profession of my choice, and I owe you for the kindness that have led me to desire this office, and the satisfaction which your words have created in my heart. I owe to you to be more than grateful. Nay, hear me, Miss Mortimer. The offices will never be repeated. To have known you, and to have enjoyed your friendship, and your society, has been a blessing which no future parts of the earth to your bidding, nor deem aught that may pour service can contribute to your wishes more than the feebleness token of my soul-felt gratitude. I pray you, then, well, and may your lot be bright and happy as you deserve to be."

He timidly raised her hand to his lips, and turning away, was gone, without another word.

In quiet, and cheerful to Alice Graydon in him looks and talking with him; she will seem like an angel to him for a month or two, and then all he falls in love with a pretty face and forgets her—Alice!"

"Yes, papa," mimicking her. "Ah! little pus you have had a long struggle to overcome, as you proclaim rightly the relative value of words and actions. If we ever hear from Mr. Ralph Hughson, I shall be a little surprised. If he remembers our existence at the end of ten years, Lyell acknowledge him one of the wonders of the world, a miracle of gratitude and long memory. But, after all, he was only a little boy when he came among us, and we can very well spare, and the lad is sure to make his fortune, and he can scarcely be expected to ask whether we ever hear of him or not. Or, Alice, my pet, give old papa a little music, and then be off to your dreams."

As Alice sat down to the pianoforte, and played and sang a favorite air, her father seemed to be at him, but her voice was hoarse, and after the first few notes failed. She had taken a chill on the way, and, and though mamma looked at her suspiciously, and said nothing, papa was alarmed at once, and sent her off to bed, and begged her to take some charge to take care and be well in the morning.

The morning broke, but it was not well with her. Alice threw herself upon a couch in silence agony. Her lips were wildly pressed to the pillow, and Hughson had kissed, her other hand upon her heart seemed to still in wild beatings.

"He has gone, he has gone, and I shall never see him more. Why have I loved him so, and to care so little for me as to depart without bid me farewell in the presence of others, with stereotyped phrase of gratitude for deeds that were to me the spontaneous overflow of my intense love for him those he owe me aught for them, or can aught repay my love with his own? Oh, virgin, I have not only heart for heart in fair exchange, and I have given all for nought. Oh, my God, forgive me, and help me, I am so young, and have before me so many desolate years."

And then she fell to weeping in her terrible grief and deep humiliation, all ignorant of one who, standing in the dark, silent street, gazed upon the light that shone from her window, as the flickering curtain gave upon the delicate figure whose beauty fell of safety and joy, but which to can never hope to reach.

"Oh, Alice," he murmured, "to love as I have loved, and to part thus, with a calm farewell and cold words of gratitude, as though I had taught but her sweet presence, her kindly words, her tender glances that you deigned to smile on, nor hope is snatched from me. I have looked and listened my last, and to-morrow the ocean waves will roll between me and the lady of my adoration, the sweet saint whom I may only worship from afar. Long before I have worked my way to fortune she will be another's; another's heart will be blessed; another's home will be made happy; little children will call her mother, and I shall be a lonely, desolate man, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and a stranger and hopeless. Ah, yes, the dream is over, and yet I never dreamed that Alice Mortimer, the daughter of affluence and luxury, could be the wife of her father's errand boy. Only by her sweet condescension have I learned to rise to a higher station, only in pleases his child has the rich Mr. Mortimer stooped to raise me from my lowly position, and to give me all I possess. I am not a beggar since from any one," and here he lifted, proudly, his fine head, and stretched forth his strong arms, "no opportunity to work my own way in life—the money is but lent, and shall soon be returned. Now, is necessary that I should depart, and quickly. But Alice, oh, Alice," and here his tone fell again, "I have only a brave love to offer.

And so he murmured for hours, strolling up and down in the dark street, and, in lying upon that couch, while each hour is further proof, or racing the floor in wild anguish, did Alice pass the same time. Only a wall and a few feet of space to divide those loving hearts, between whom a barrier high as Alps, and impregnable as Gibraltar, seemed to rear itself, sundering them forever.

Man, by short, determined efforts, may demolish physical obstacles standing in his way to fortune or happiness. But moral obstacles, such as were erected between Ralph Hughson and Alice Mortimer, only time and patience can surmount. Yet, had Ralph but known, and he never had looked through the "paper wall" that shut out his knowledge, how little of that time, how much, have seemed the task of annihilating the barriers of wealth and station that separated him from her he loved!

But he went away in ignorance and silent, and the boy's regard for Hughson, though such a love that might have gone leaping for joy, but, instead, was sad and full of pain.

Years rolled on, and while Ralph was toiling unwearied, battling almost hopelessly with a thousand difficulties, and struggling on still, in the face of reverses more flocking to the feet of the rich merchant, Hughson's prosperity was at its zenith, and offered freely upon her shrine. One after another, the most distinguished men in the land laid their hearts, and fortunes, and titles at Alice's feet, and received only the cold, calm refusal of her hand.

Mrs. Mortimer fretted sadly at the delay. It was a disappointment to her to see her daughter refuse one her equal in wealth and station, but Mr. Mortimer, who had loved his child with a love that could bestow him, was well pleased that it should Hughson's errand boy. He would not force her into intelligent face, he faltered a little, but simply replied, "Thank you, Mr. Hughson," he turned to the only other occupant of the room.

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Alice. Often she felt that she should die at the feet of her lover if he returned, and she felt that such a death would be happier for than the life that lay before her. But she was spared the trial she feared. Ralph Hughson did not return.

In his foreign home, with the preparations for his return to his native land already commenced, the news of the marriage of Alice reached him. Then he first comprehended all his high hopes; then he had lived and toiled only with the hour in view when he could return to lay fortune at her feet, and woo her for his bride with a knowledge that in station, at least, he was her equal.

Now all was darkness and bitterness. The cup already poured to his lips was dashed to the ground. Little cared he for home or native land, if Alice were another's. Little reeked he for his own future, or the life or blessings yet lying in the dark recess of fate. He contemplated all in the orders, and mechanically went back to the life he had led for the last eight years, barely, deep-set—in his crushed heart the secret of his love, and hopes, and dark despair. Everywhere, through every change of climate and clime, he was alone in the rich merchant, Hughson, but no tidings of him reached the friends who yet remained to him, or the one heart that loved him, in his native land.

Twenty years more Ralph Hughson toiled on, leading a lonely, mournful life, but accumulating wealth and honor. He was known as the generous and successful merchant, as the true friend of all who suffered, or whose poverty shut them out from the means by which they plied. He charities were manifested, his hospitality princely, his benevolence unbounded. Throngs of persons came to his palatial home, and followed him forever with sickening flatteries. A few true friends relieved the general adulation of the rest. But, in spite of all, he was a saddened, disappointed man, to whom strength would fail and vision, the purest joys in the world to be desired, were denied.

At length, weakest of such a life, and more than satisfied with accumulation, he resolved to return home. Gathering up his splendid fortune he sailed on the winter day, every one there supposing that of his departure, he found himself strolling through the streets of his native city.

First of all he sought the home of Mr. Mortimer, in the sense of his gratitude. But few persons of whom you know not the friends of Hughson's youth.

Next he sought the Lungleys. Herbert Langley was dead, he still merchant but him, as with Hughson, remembering as an ancient friend of the family, had brought with it liquidity, and he had his widow and daughters in poverty. Langley was a mere book-worm, the old man said, with a slight sneer, as he had invested his own fortune and that of Alice carelessly, and when a great financial crisis came, his unmindful of the precautions made no change. So all was lost, and he died poor and disappointed. Alice was ill now, and her greatest sorrow was that she must leave the tenderly-reared girls, to struggle with the poverty to which she had been born.

Hughson waited for no more. Obtaining Mrs. Langley's address, he hurried at once to their residence. It was not until he approached the door that he belonged him that Mr. Ralph Hughson, the rich stock of seeing him might prove fatal, though he is remembered, he has ignorant of the depth of love for him. So knocking softly at the door of her lodging, in a large house occupied by many families, he found himself in the presence of a beautiful girl, who started back at the sight of a stranger.

Sweet Alice Langley, a little older and more pure than Alice Mortimer when last he looked upon her—yet, strangely like, how Ralph Hughson felt, as he gazed on his eye fell upon her! At once he took her to his heart's desire. Before the outward phrase, he maintained the calm demeanor of a stranger.

When Alice heard that her old friend was there, she was not able to see him, but when she had recovered from again to his native land. Both were deeply agitated, and both sought to repress all visible signs of emotion; nevertheless, in that hour their hearts were opened each to the other, and the love of years was made patent.

No need was there of words; and when, in a few days, Alice Langley became his bride, she knew, of in his, and a happy smile rested on her face, that Ralph Hughson had never loved any other, and learned their mutual love upon the verge of the grave.

Alice's children became the children of Ralph Hughson; adopted, he told the questioning world. But a slight return for his debt of gratitude to their grandfather, and their mother, welcomed to his home two destitute girls, whose hearts he knew loved that mother that it was impossible to her her children seem portion of the fervent devotion which he had regarded her.

The latter days of Ralph Hughson, spite of the bitter disappointments of his early years, were full. He was blessed in the genuine affection of three generations around him, and when he died Alice's hands smoothed his pillow; their voices read to him comforting words from the Book of Life; their eyes, as the dear friend of Alice, as the angel eyes that seemed looking down upon him from the spheres above, closed him with loving care until the last.

He watched and waited his last sigh exhaled, and he went away to dwell with her he had loved in the mansions of the blessed, to share the beatitudes of the pure in heart, and the meekest.

HEARTS.

BY CLARA STUART.

Hearts are of several kinds and of widely different natures. First, there are hearts that are cold and there are of two kinds: about one kind the world is right and wrong: and to compose this is earlier; and it is such hard to get over; and when at last it is done, what has it well as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last it is done, what has it gained? Why, you have sealed it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is that the world is able to distinguish the one from the other only when it is too late, when it is behind the high walls.

Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody and less to its owner.

But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one—whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it; and sing at the spring-time; and its fragrance is ever dancing vines. Beyond the wall, field is thing of fragrance, beauty and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful flowers invite the way-worn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely come to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart. Therein dwells the spirit of harmony. To this image should all hearts be fashioned; and then, and then only, will the Kingdom of Heaven have come on earth.

CURING FAULTS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

God says in a hundred times does a man cure himself of a deeply-rooted fault by setting himself to watch, weigh, and overthrow it. The battle is generally fought on both sides; and he will go struggling and groaning through life; being, when the end comes, just about at the point from which he started. And in the wearing, and waxing, and disheartening contest, he will most probably have lost patience, good temper, cheerfulness, and well nigh faith itself. Then will it generally happen to him whom eyes are forever on himself. A method of inspection can have no good effect on either heart or life. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into the way view of our own sinfulness;" we ought to pray to the upward all such horrifying and desperate sighs and "forgetting the things that are behind," cries and all," press forward" in the work of actual, not negative, well doing. We must not sit watching at the mouths of caverns for the forthcoming of the monsters lurking there; but be up and doing with our might what our inside can find to do for the Master, and in the Lord. Filling each step our Lord's work, and our hearts with love to him and to our brethren, will crowd out and destroy our faults more effectually than the most watchful eye of them that we could do in a life-time. When men begin to look for faults, and to keep a strong and suspicious guard, they break out with sores and boils, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. Then it is only by the most careful nursing and poulticing and dosing that such ailments can be cured. Let us, then, in the name of God—the immortal being who is to live forever—the immortal being who has in his heart ever open, his affections ever warm, and his hands ever active in the good cause, and let us forget ourselves in the love of our fellow men, and love Him as the most tender of fathers, and the Lover of God will cleanse him from all unrighteousness.

HISTORY AS A TEACHER OF YOUTH.

To all the deluding enchantments of the world the antidote is history. It is the only effectual means to shield the confusion of dangerous opinions, and disperse all those erroneous prejudices. Youth is the season of delight and amusement; and in this case, if we may use the expression, to plead the cause of history, and recommend it to the notice of the multitude that prevail in the common language of the world, and to which we are all more or less addicted, by they may discern them. But who shall this cause plead? The master who has the care of their education? And shall he make set lessons on purpose to instruct them on this? At the very name of lessons they will take the alarm, and determine upon their guard, and shut their ears to all he can say. He would do well, indeed, if he, like Ulysses, who are liable to so suspicion or distrust, we must take him by stealth, and, as we may say, surprise him, and oppose the opinions and the examples of the great men of antiquity, in the false principles and the corrupt examples of the present age and of modern mind. How different from the taste of the present age are the histories of Greece and Rome! Every story, where we see dictators and consuls taken from the plough, and their return in triumph, after a school of morality to all mankind. It condemns vice, tears off the mask from pretended virtues, exposes the false colors of counterfeit merit, and places the charms of riches and vain pomp, which dazzle the imagination, and draw to the admiration of the more effectual than any reasoning, that nothing is truly estimable, but what is solid and useful. In extreme and calamitous, which the most corrupt cannot refuse to the great and good actions recorded in history, and encourage the admiration of virtue in man's real good, and alone renders him truly great and valuable. The study of these is the most famous conquerors they will find considered as the most contemptible, as the cruelest of mankind, and the plunderers of nations, who, hurried on by a blind and furious ambition, spread desolation from one end to the other, as with an inundation or a fire, ravage all before them.

POPULAR BRITISH ERRORS.

That losses are made for 300 years, because a hole in the bottom of a vessel is stopped with a bit of deeds covenant on a Sunday are void. That in order to disburden an hair-alive, it is necessary to give him a dose of hellebore. That a woman may be would be entitled to the whole property. That a man may discharge over any place where he has a highway. That the body of a debtor may be legally detained in custody for debt. That a woman marrying a woman who is in debt, if he takes her from the hands of the priest clothed in a single garment, can not lawfully be sued for any antecedent debts. That those who are born at sea belong to the county of Middlesex, and are entitled to vote accordingly, and that every child born in a carriage on the road is a native of the county in which the parents last slept. That a criminal has been hanged and receives, he cannot afterwards be executed. That these and many other fallacies equally absurd, are yet fully believed by many people in Great Britain.

THE ELASTIC EGG.—Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda dissolved in it. In a few hours the precaution will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried, keeping it as a curiosity to puzzle one's friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in it.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. Every party pretends hereafter to call on each one and ask him to act as his agent. Do not act as such, and give no heed to the book and periodical sharks. Ask if you see them, and we will tell you if we have yet one and we do not know, and we will mail it to you.

REMITTING MONEY.—We will not return missed remittances.

THE UTAH TROUBLE.

Months ago, we said our Government was enacting a bitter caricature if it did not speedily set about its long neglected duty of sending the Courts of Utah to Christian, or at least, civilized decency, and to proper subjection within the Union. It was as notorious then as now, that the Mormons were all the moralities, degrading religion, and thus shaming God, at the Mormon Salt Lake capital of the territorial laws of the United States, driven Federal officials from their posts, and were in full revolt, active, and plenarized the mails. Brigham Young and his Gentiles were made tenet, as loud as deliberate treason could, that the Utah was a law unto for Federal authority, and did not mean to submit to it unless it let them have their own way.

Very well, Government kept on its mail-pace, as it generally does in these latter times, taken good is necessary to aid passers-by, and in the way of office-filling—and now, if reports are to be credited, the man of Utah has carried out the conciliatory terms and against them his de cender, or are prepared to do so. Hence the Government began anything like an earnest movement to purge the lawless and rebellious Territory. It has, by permitting its troops to halt in Missouri and "along the road"—allowed the mid-to Mormon prophet time to collect his forces on the Colorado Desert, "Cæsar Valley," and from all the borders the faithful have gathered to the Mormon capital. Belgium, bringing cannon and bayonets, and tons of revolvers and powder.

Perhaps the "mere mess" at Washington, and elsewhere, fancied the Mormons would be frightened, and succumbed at the best show of force. We never thought so. A body of fanatics who could hear what they have in Missouri and the republic hence, are not to be put down by a show, nor by threats. They spurn decent Government and civility mostly, and are not going to give up their years short of a sound flogging. Even then they will be more likely to speak on into Siberian territory—where, it is said, they have secured a claim —than to live decently in the United States. Whether they submit or fly, we trust there will be no backing down of the Government and no further pretext of reasons and its faith. If Brigham has got the upper hand, or shall get and keep it for a season, let him have the season—but think the last is not in near store for his back. A greater misfortune, or a more deluded and misguided people than he and his Mormons, never polluted the same space of earth.

"BREAD OR BLOOD."

Such was the fierce motto borne, more than once in former times, on the banners of the starving mob desperate by various incitements in capitals and marts of the old world. Now, they were, at first, of sorrowful people turned from accustomed work, and hence from means of living, by some industrial panding and brooding, coupled with the lunching and surging of bad men—ruffians some times, and sometimes demagogues—who used them into mad mobs, with whom to reason was folly. Led into excesses, the populations seldom or never ceased with satisfying their decent wants, but followed with lawless pace the impulse of the enemy, destroying the property of their fellows in very wantonness. Such has been the undeviating history of those who have shouted "Bread or Blood" motto, if their spirit was allowed to outlawed under their own leadership.

Seldom, if ever, has this baleful motto been seen or heard from these communities. In the open country by the danger of starvation is never so imminent as to justify the threat of violence, and it is, in our opinion, the contingent danger of famine only that constitutes a ground for desperate action or resolve. Starvation is slow and private—a thing quite unother. Not a year nor a day passes over our city without witnessing the silent tragedy of starvation—often hidden by the closest of print—privation only a step short of starvation, and yet it is only to witnessing the sudden rise in the price of provisions added, involuntarily, to the voluntary idlers and vagabonds, that privation is compelled beyond its wont, until bold, but rare, inspired by ready numbers, prompted, not as a law, but as a case of first resort, to make the cry of "Bread or Blood" a panacea for all the waste of poverty, whether virtuous or vicious.

"We will not starve," say the leaders of the "Bread or Blood" battalions, "for we will not work," and "the world owes us a living," say they also. And further yet, some of them say, "let the rulers of the land help us." Very well, to starve they ought not, but before they rob and murder, let them be sure they have exhausted every peaceable device for a livelihood. Admit they are willing to work, of what avail is their will if there be no work for them, and it is a truth that there is none now, in several years, when this city furnished, and shall furnish, labor for all the feasible people who remain and will cling to the city. By taking advantage of easier times, thousands now suffering from forced idleness might have found better employ where forced idleness seldom or never comes.

REFLECT.

If, as Solomon has said, "there is a time for everything," this, it strikes us, is the time for us all to reflect in how far our own improvidences have had to do with our "hard times." Let us suppose we are all industrious, hand-working men, some with, and some without families. A few years ago, and we were all hoisted at our various avocations, carving our way more or less comfortably, with no specially disheartening prospect ahead. Then had we worked for months and years past, plentiful work and fair wages called for our best activities. So far, all is well; but let us reflect for a moment, and ask ourselves, did we, in all that long period of sunshine and prosperity, practise all the economies due to a simple, frugal, serious manner of life—the manner most suited to and manly for working-men? How many of us kept away from the gin-shops, which swallowed up the most of the "hard earnings" of the poor? How many shunned the costly theatre, of which the poet has truly said

"Such scene
Are acted there as make the devils blush,
And angels and righteous men grow pale."

How many have abandoned from pride, sickening "wool," tobacco, which gnaws like a canker at the vitals of many? How many have turned their faces as first from the prostitutes of the town, and from rejoicing with "folly" companions? In short, how many have lived according to the easy Christian standard of "temperance in all things," which would, doubtless, have followed, in all probabilities, honest men, independent. Ah, we fear that many who are suffering now, wasted in the days of prosperity. Sadly did we observe, as one of the recent processions of the unemployed passed us, that scores who were in it, were those who were ascribed with "Bread or Blood," were smoking with the value of a loaf of bread, and many, we reckoned, in one of the parks, a baker's hand-cart load, was in to appease "hunger." Say, dear custody, that they might last the loaves in and fro. If such be their sense of economy and prospective care, can we hope that they will learn better in the days when starvation was undoubted? If there is, we fear, not a word of hope in connection with the working-folk, and we beseech them to reflect, in this trying time, upon the vast good they could do themselves by the practice of the opposite economy. Only cost aside the useless, vicious habits we have pointed out, many a family would have comforts or even comes. Sensible and prosperity still would be theirs. Let them not be deluded counsels until the trolling masses learn more wisdom and practice more virtue.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

Never was a more vagabond sentiment uttered, than the one we have taken for the heading of our article. The world owes for just what it engages to pay—neither more nor less—and not a cent more has approved. "Then shall earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." To the voluntary idler, and the improvident, the world owes bitter bit and bed and scorn. As to the rulers helping, what are they but the servants of the people, and if the people must first tax the help out of the people's pockets. Suppose every man, woman and child were down or run to and fro and cry, "the world owes us a living!" and that all three fell to the task at once, would there be government or means of livelihood among men?

But the wickedest thing of all in connection with this topic is the insolence with which incipient people, engaged in a most honorable course of industry lifters and of wilfully mischievous men, assail the cliffs of property, and the character and capacity of its possessors. Property may there is as a general rule, no surer sign of industry, enterprise, economy, temperance and intelligence than the possession of independence or competence. The fact is the most unanswerable sign for this world in the history of our "fortunate" men will show that those who have climbed highest began on the lowest round—some of them, indeed, sunk their hard-earned and honestly-gotten wealth, but practised so many severe virtues, they, too, would, in time, fortune. She is never so coy as to those who seek her with the means, and in the manner. She has no much the disposition at all times, and everywhere, for the poor to cry out against the rich, and to make war, on false and unfounded principles, against the former less in times of trouble and distress. But how wrong to charge it, and where, as in this country, the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow—and vice versa.

AGRARIANISM.

With agrarianism we have no patience. No sensible man can entertain or countenance it. It is the thirst of the idle, the dissipated, the vagabond and the knave—or may be of the honest poor—for the possessions of the industrious and accumulative. It holds the riches of the world pretty much in commonity, on agrarian principles, and are the next division time came forward, the idle and vagabond would be out of pocket. Hence the agitations seldom or never ceased with satisfying their decent wants, but followed with lawless pace the impulse of the enemy, destroying the property of their fellows in very wantonness. Such has been the undeviating history of those who have shouted "Bread or Blood" motto, if their spirit was allowed to outlawed under their own leadership.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHILD-ACTORS.

The very thought of such makes me sigh; and the discovery they are at their perils, the more so distresses me. To see little boys, who should be at their mothers' apron-strings, learning and making, strutting their little limbs upon the stage in grown-up attire; pulling up their precocious shirt-collars, and with airs well looked at our various avocations, curling our way more or less comfortably, with no specially disheartening prospect ahead. That had we worked for months and years past, plentiful work and fair wages called for our best activities. So far, all is well; but let us reflect for a moment, and ask ourselves, did we, in all that long period of sunshine and prosperity, practise all the economies due to a simple, frugal, serious manner of life—the manner most suited to and manly for working-men? How many of us kept away from the gin-shops, which swallowed up the most of the "hard earnings" of the poor? How many shunned the costly theatre, of which the poet has truly said

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LETTERS.

BY MARY FORREST.

In these days of much writing and saying, much has been written and said about letters. One writer thinks letters are imperfections and ingredients; a combustible in the body politic; inconsistent ping-pong lying in wait at all corners, with something more than a sop in them. Another does open everything in the shape of a letter; treats a day's mail as a day's work, and even a headsman's bill tenderly, for the sake of their brown, comfortable-looking envelopes, and will never find the bill indicative from her banker, and the rose-colored billet-doux from her lover, make her heart leap.

Another still, who, entirely like, imagines a complete incognito with her fine hand thrust behind an elaborate "we," wears confident and saucy, and touches up "our correspondents" with a long stick. Letters are her one passion, but she never answers them; and a friend who is not enough of the witch to sit in spiritual person at her elbow, with the seals like glowing globes—not so inspired by her spiritual replies as to send his unanswered missives to the waste-basket to the end of time, is at best, but a weak and faithless friend. Her pedestal of privileges is broad and high, but, for once, the magnificently sloops from it, and hirsely notifies all delinquent specimens of the genus *amicus*, that their letters are received joyfully—opened eagerly—perused over—blushed over—wept over—in short, thoroughly and to an extent that a response is not adequate is quite out of the question.

A poet, who has evidently indulged in numerous fits of mental exploration, exhales the soft impeachment in a sonnet of glowing exactness against letters. Many a letter will she have to peck cellar.

"Bar, scatter, burn, destroy,—but keep them not!
I hate, I cruel those living nonsenses
Of vanished days, and cool or changed affections.
Of altered hopes and withered kindnesses.
Go, and set up those cinders of the dead
Those visions of the past, that idly blot
The fresh white leaves of life's unwritten book!
This hand that wrote, this ever shrinking hand,
Has shuddered at the task it has fulfilled.
It would not burn this record, but it would
Blot out the blots that make it hideous now.
Burn, burn! the dreadful thought of a word
Harmless in look but ripened to decay,—
Burn, burn! the wretched thing that it has been!"

And thus they write on. Every human heart has its Zolian letter-chord, that clangs, or wails, or murmurs, or sighs to every touch, as the breath may be rude, mournful, or tender. Letters are a human mood. Some are heavy, prosy, dull, and have no physical natures for food. Letters, that are letters, are perfect cultures of those we love. They are the beautiful grades—generations of the heart—from prayers—tangible children—blistering tears—beating hearts. They are the sympathetic nerves that come to us over land and sea; pure carrier-doves, that do not go astray, but return with a precious possession in our bosoms. Each day we may lift their white wings anew; count and re-count their treasures; lay in the sun and the shade, and revive them. They have been fully called "our angels." Letters which are no letters, are but blanks, negatives and abortions: the own, and less, and reverse of letter-doom. To this category belong the pop-gun of the capricious man, whose fame against the world only proves that his friendships are paltry and his heart a void, while others ever yet existed beneath his double-barrel waistcoat. I don't write to him.

Letters are a high human need. It is easy to call "O, yes!" and "Of course!" and "Yes sir!" and putting "send me a sign"—but it is not just. God, himself, is our friend of friends: His holy word, the letter of letters, in our human life. Is it not true, may we are doubters and atheists because we count not the letters of God's correspondence? Have we searched each day for new light and comfort? Yet God writes us letters upon the heavens—upon every tree and flower—upon our own souls—with a finger of fire. We should believe in, and worship in a lively manner, the God who "sends a sign" without any Bible; but the "So I am with thee always" of the Saviour, we, many and heavy-laden, "of God is Love"—of His evangel, lost or to the lone foot of the Pilgrim's path, we accept communion with a Father and Friend. Because we love and revere Him, do we cherish His Word, and never pass a day or an hour without reading over the multitude of love in its great flowing vitality. "I love thee," from the right heart, is always a valid note of brangely music: yet every repetition of it does not excuse us from duty.

"We can fine
The many stars, the sun, and each man shall roll—
Too many flowers, the each shall crown the year?
Too many lovers, were they ever true?"

Yes, there is silence to—only sinning, dear;
To love and not to silence with thy soul."

Letters are a perpetual I-love-thee. The words are the same, but the variations of the one sentiment of love is in great flowing vitality. "I love thee," from the right heart, is always a valid note of brav

THE TEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When infant innocence is griev'd,
And feels not power to stay
Its words, the impact of its sorrow,
When gentle sisters say?

When tales of unexpected Joy,
Like crescents, hollows scene,
With half the rapture of the heart,
Through speech that is not fleet?

When pent within its secret cell
The spring of grief,
Unbearing, drowns enfeebled life,
What needs the relief?

When Folly in conscious hands,
And seeks a plausible form,
That down its native Power to Weep
To wake the Tear adorn?

'Twas Mercy's angel gave the boon
To pilgrim wanderers here,
And when attached to the heart,
Call'd the pure grain—a tear.

Hartford, Oct. 30th, 1837.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IMPORTANT OPERATIONS.

Friday evening came, and the clouds, which had been hanging over the valley all the day long, began to empty upon the earth, and, at length, rain drizzle. It was too heavy for mist, and too light for rain; but it clung to the spot whereon it fell with a chilling pertinacity, and a quality of gathering to itself from the continually dropping mass, that soon saturated anything not impervious to wet. And this state of the atmosphere made it very dark. Men moved about in the road with careful steps, and when they came to narrow paths, their hands must feel out the way as the feet dared move on. It was, in fact, so utterly dark that a man could not see his own hand when held two feet from him.

Yet the Tories forgot not their appointment. They rather liked the darkness, though they might readily have dispensed with the wet. At half-past eight Mr. Simpson and his party met, and, this time following the main road for as it led them on their way, for there was no need of extra concealment, the impenetrable curtain of the night completely hiding them even each from the other.

"Father!" called Philip.

"Here!" returns papa.

"All right!" adds Philip.

And so they go, gliding along through the darkness as though something that had to be separated on their march, by night and near unto battle, as before, when they led the sound of each other's footsteps. At length they reached the ledge, and, having answered the challenge of the sentinel there, they passed in.

When the hour for business had arrived, it was found that seventy-one men were present beside the Red Eagle, eleven having been sent to the last meeting. Mr. Bank Fuller presided, as before. Various reports were made, and then preparations were made for distributing the arms, which stood in one corner, the bright moonlight gleaming in the lamp-light like many eyes of fire, gazing out from the dark recess.

Three men were called upon by the president to take their stations by the arms, to deliver them as the applicants came up. Then Luther took the list, or roll, of the company, and called three names in succession; the men having answered, were sent to the armory, and were furnished each with a musket, bayonet, belt, cartridge-box, and knapsack. They then fell back, and three more names were called; and so on until all present, save Braddrock and son, Philip, Mr. Simpson, and Luther, had been armed and equipped. They were informed that their uniforms would be found at the Johnstown store.

"And now," said Fuller, addressing the company, "we must march at once for Johnstown. You have all settled your business, and the sooner you find each service the sooner you will begin to gain the chances of promotion."

At this time a sailor was heard in the direction of the entrance, and the chairman sent to ascertain the cause. The messenger soon returned, and reported that all was right. The sentinel at the outer post had only fallen over the rocks. Order was restored, and the business again closed up.

It was now a few minutes past eleven, and the company were ordered to form into line, and to prepare to march out. This time Mr. Fuller went out first. He had reached the space between the boulder and the ledge when a blow upon the head laid him low, and his body was dragged out of the way before those who came behind could see what had become of him.

The Tories were under a great disadvantage. Having come directly from a glare of artificial light, the sight of their eyes was so much contracted that they could not see at all in the outer darkness into which they were moving.

A dozen of the Patriots, who had been perched upon a shelf directly over the entrance, stood by ready to receive the Tories as they came out, and it was not until sixteen of them had been knocked senseless that any alarm was given. The passage of the fissure was so narrow that they were obliged to fall into single file as they came through, and the heavy club of Jacko had done most of the work—he knocking them down, and the others snatching the bodies away from the backs of those who pegged and bound them. But as the sixteenth man fell, no one who came behind him heard the blow, and saw several dark forms spring across the opening.

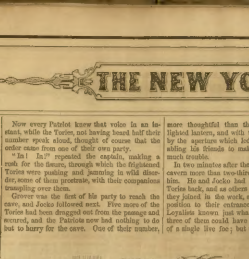
"*Treachery! Betrayed!*" he cried, starting back, and knocking over two men who stood behind him.

Quick as lightning Jacko leaped down from his perch, and whispered to the men who stood around, and were perplexed to see Captain Grover, who commanded the expedition.

"Dey's all in a mass now! If ye jump rite in dey wont know what ye come from! Golly gosh! Dey's out!"

Grover had thought the same thing, though he might have pondered longer upon it had not Jacko spoken. Yet an idea flashed upon his mind which was of benefit to him.

"Is! Is!" he shouted. "In, every man of you! There's treachery here! Back into the cave as quickly as possible! We can defend ourselves against an army there!"



GUY BRADDOCK STRIKES A BLOW THAT MAY COST HIM DEAR.

What could they do? Not over a dozen of them had arms, for none of the guns were loaded, nor were there any flints in the pan unused locks. The cowards of the enemy had all retreated into the corner where the muskets had been stacked, and some sixty cocked pistols were aimed at them, ready to shower the leaden ball of death upon them at an instant's notice.

"Back into the cave!" asked the elder Braddock of the Red Eagle.

"I don't know. Only I'd like to know the traitor!" returned Philip.

"Ahis-ha!" gasped the old Tory: "So should I!"

"We must surrender," said Guy.

"Yes. We have no choice," added Fuller.

"*I surrender!*" "And I!" "And I!" And on on, till a score of them cried out in concert—

"*And I!*"

Nothing was now left for the others but to do likewise; so the captured Tories were marched forward, and their hands bound behind them; and when they had been conducted into the open sky, they were lashed together by the elbows in couples, and then arranged for marching.

There were sixty-seven prisoners in all, four of the Tories having been killed—three in the cave, and one within the cave. Nathan Braddock and the Red Eagle were lashed together, while Master Guy had Bank Fuller for a fellow; all was soon in readiness, and then they were marched off. There were curses loud and deep, but not one of the prisoners wished he could know the traitor.

"I can tell you who was the traitor," said a gaunt old wicked by Braddock's side.

"Hist. Who?" quickly returned the old man.

"Mr. Bank Fuller made himself a traitor when he didn't know it. He slept but one night for a week, and he has been seen to enter that cave twice by one of the spies. That's the cursing Tories is up, old fellow."

"Curses on you!" Braddock cried aloud, with the help of a few oaths which we will not transcribe.

"I know the scoundrel who watched me!" said Fuller, who had overheard the last sentence.

"He was a little, weasen-faced, sharp-nosed hunter: I know him; and he's the only one here; or, if I did, I did not consider as I might."

Jacko was very thankful, and made his way from the guard-room as soon as possible. The colonel guard about a while, and then left. In a little while Jacko's head again appeared within the rear door-way.

"Is all right, de sentry," he whispered; "he want see ye. De way's all clar to de only port. Cut an' run wid dem ere Tories jes' as quick as ye can."

As soon as Jacko was gone Philip punched Nathan Braddock in the ribs, and received a curse.

"—ah! I've got my hands off, and found a knife. I'll get the loser open, too; or, if I did, I did not consider as I might."

"Not so loud," interposed our hero, as the drowsy sentinel snored away. "Make no noise, and we may escape. Awaken Guy as carefully as you can."

"Cut my lashings off first," said the old man.

Philip cut the cords, and the latter then aroused his son, and cautioned him to silence.

"Wot we wake up some more?" he asked, as soon as Guy was awake.

"No, no. We shall be discovered if we do. I can't cut the cords of your hands, but you must do more."

Nathan was perfectly satisfied, for he cared little about the personal welfare of any of his recruits. If he could get free, with his son, he cared for little else.

As soon as Guy was awake, the old man took the knife and began his lashings, and while he was being done Philip felt a touch upon his side. He put up his hand, and a slip of paper was put into it. The youth quickly turned over, and was able to hold the slip in a light strong enough to reveal the writing; and at the same time in a position hidden from his neighbor. He read the following comprehensive sentence:

"Take the down path by the river. We shall send parties up."

Philip put the paper into his mouth, and then turned towards Braddock.

The sentinel was now at the further end of the room, and leaning over a desk, with his back towards the middle of it, as though asleep.

"Are you ready?" the Red Eagle asked.

"Yes," answered the father, and

"Yes," answered the son.

The matter stood. They had supposed that there were a score more of their fellows to come in.

Nathan Braddock, as soon as he saw how matters stood, in a fit of frenzy, ordered all the lights to be put out. His order was obeyed, but he misled his purpose. The Patriots had not come upon such an errand, upon such a night, without the means of seeing upon a plenty.

"Lanterns! lanterns!" shouted Grover; and in a moment more the beams from a dozen small pocket-lanterns flashed upon the astounded, but not stricken Tories.

"Will you surrender?" cried the Patriot captain.

"Shall we?" asked Guy.

"Never!" cried the exiled man, Guy standing in trembling silence, while his father put the questions.

"We find 'em—one—two—three—five—seven days ago in the little glen—the valley—by the lake. They were killed in that place, and we think on the day before."

"On the day before!" said the Red Eagle, with seeming thoughtfulness. "That would be on Friday—the very day I left."

"Aye—the very day!" gasped the old Tory: "the very day. Jacko" he added, turning to the Indian, "did you see anything of a prisoner the Big Ash took as he came up with you?"

"No. If he had any prisoner, he lost him, for the men from the fort did the work."

"Nathan Braddock!" interposed Guy, giving way now to his feelings. "The infernal villain in the Big Ash was you, and they are killed, because I love without let or hindrance. By the Holy One that lives, I'll pay it! I'll pay it! I'll pay it! Before I'll let it cost me my life! She shall come to me—come if she comes a corse! She shall come if I have to search the whole earth for her! I'll have her, though endless perdition were the price I must pay for it!"

"It is a foul wrong that has been done to the boy," explained the old man, as the Indians gazed wonderingly after the youth.

The red men were in a hurry, and with a simple good by" Nathan and Guy were marched off.

"One moment," said Philip, speaking in the Mohawk tongue; "what shall we say you on hand now?"

"We are carrying a message to our chief—the Great Fox."

"What is it?"

"For him to gather his men, and be ready to meet the great war-chief, Ismut."

"How many men are my brother Great Fox rules?"

"One hundred and fifty!"

"And where will they meet?"

"On the lake shore, at the Black Bluff."

"When?"

"They must meet when the moon is so," replied the Indian messenger, holding up his hand, and making his fore-finger upward.

Philip reflected a moment. He knew that the sign alluded to the moon's first quarter, and presently he remembered that that event would transpire on the Friday of the following week.

"At what time will they meet?"

"At the rising of the sun, due to the meridian.

"Very good. I should like to be there, but I cannot. Tell your chief that I am unavoidably—"

"O—we shall go to Johnstown right off after that. Ismut is to be there."

Ah! That was enough, indeed. And news worth having, too. Philip bade the red men good-by, and then hastened to the cave and awoke his father.

Nathan Braddock was then informed that another council could be well discussed in his presence without his understanding something of it; and straightway informed of the time and treachery. He joined with the others in wishing it kept from the company.

"Why," said he, "there's one-third of 'em secret-sworn to keep the body and soul of the fate of them poor chaps at the Flats. But let me but tell 'em that there was one that don't, and before I'm an hour gone him dry. I 'spect. As my sale, I'll keep my head shut, and my ears open. Indeed my ground here, now I can tell you. If they kin find out that I'm a traitor, they're welcome. That's all I've got to say."

And, in accordance with this latter assertion, Nathan Braddock never more alluded even in his chair to keep silence, and digest the wondrous news he had of late got.

As it was now only Saturday morning, and there was time to pass before the next meeting of the Tories, Mr. Braddock resolved to stay home and spend the Sabbath. Johnstown was distant only twenty-eight miles, and a good horse could pass only three miles beyond that. Guy was earnest to go, and the Red Eagle was invited to pass them company.

Our hero pondered upon this invitation as he accepted it. His only objection was: Could there be any danger of his being detected? He knew that nothing but an oath could remove the color from his skin, and then he knew that he had got his voice under such subjection now that there was no danger from that source. At first the effort of disguising his tones had produced an unpleasant inflation in the throat; but that had passed off, a mile further when they saw a party of four indians coming towards them. They were Mohawks, and second to be in a hurry, Philip felt uneasy, for now was coming a decisive trial of the worth of his disguise. The meagre came nearer, and our hero recognized two of them as men who had stopped at his father's house some six months before.

As the red men came up they recognized Kanadandagus, and sounded forward to embrace him.

"Ah—ha!" cried the old Tory, "have you heard or seen anything of Big Mountain Ash of late?"

"Ugh!" replied one of the red men, shaking his head sadly. "He been down before we been back him. Wes-chief—Mountain Ash—gone home to the Great Spirit!"

"What! Gone home?" gasped Braddock, trembling. "Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Yes—ugh!"

"But how?—when?"

"When the last moon was going—many days ago—he—his whole party of braves—all killed in the woods!"

"But *when—where?*" cried the excited man, Guy standing in trembling silence, while his father put the questions.

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"Is! Is!" he shouted. "In, every man of you! There's treachery here! Back into the cave as quickly as possible! We can defend ourselves against an army there!"

Now every Patriot knew that voice in an instant, while the Tories, not having heard half their number speak aloud, thought of course that the order came from one of their own party.

"In! In!" repeated the captain, making a rush for the fissure, leaving which the frightened Tories were pushing and jamming in wild disorder, some of them prostrate, with their companions trampling over them.

Grover was the first of his party to reach the cave, and Jacko followed next. Not one of the Tories had been dragged out from the passage and secured, and the Patriots now had nothing to do but to hurry for the cave. One of their number,

and there was no trouble at all. He could converse an hour in a key a fifth lower than his natural tone without inconvenience. He finally resolved to accept the invitation; for he would be very luxurious should he remain there, and then he might learn something of value if he went.

Good horses were procured, and at six o'clock they set out. They took a fast dinner in Johnstown, and arrived at their destination about four o'clock. Zebulon Beebe watched his sable-like body from among some weeds by a fence as the ride rode up and came cautiously forward to take the horses, for since the departure of the host for scenes of war, Zebulon had been installed into the office of general overseer of the premises, and proprietor of the women.

"Here, you ungainly heathen!" snapped Guy. "What ye doin' stewed away in them weeds? Come be lookin out a fittin' stable for these, eh?"

"Reckon so how't I must hotch out smith'n one of these days, eh? I should we'd long enough," replied Zeb, with a quaint look. Guy thought it was a very funny look, but Philip Lowrey, who had watched the fellow closely, saw a deeper look in his face than the others.

"Thank ye, my master!" spoke Zebulon Beebe, as he recovered from the shock. And there was a smile upon his face as he spoke.

"Is Paul Pry!" muttered Guy, as he turned towards the house.

"Ah!" thought Philip to himself, who had seen the devil that lurked beneath the man's smile, "if you think you shall that person with impunity, he can who are the 'pay-for' [sic]."

The residence of Nathan Bradbrook was a fine one for the time, and his land was extensive and fertile, and he owned a large tract. Had it not been for his organized manner of living, his business in business and his habits of dissipation, he might have accumulated wealth upon his farm. He family consisted of himself and wife, and a favorable domestics and four males, not including Zebulon Beebe, who had a cot of his own in the cellar.

During the next day Philip looked about the farm and road some, while Guy spent most of the Sabbath in shooting birds in the wood. When he had got his game-bag out, he held it towards Zebulon, and bade him take it, as he was going to bag the game. But the man flatly refused. He said he would not help in any way on the Lord's day for any living man.

"Take the bag, and come along!" cried Guy, in a passion, again holding it towards him.

If you making of England I wouldn't do it. Can ye understand Yan?" replied Zeb, at the same time turning away. "I won't break God's law for no——"

His sentence was cut short by a blow upon the head with Guy's musket-stock, that he fell upon the ground, with the blood trickling down his freckled cheek, the young tyrant stirred—

"Hope it has killed the scoundrel!"

Philip struggled with himself a moment; but he knew it was not safe for him to interfere in the presence of the ugly scrap, so he quickly turned and went into the house. In the rear of the eastern portion of his will that he kept his clouded feet from Guy's head, and full well he knew that if he remained, he should see the young wretch rise and make his own position sound.

Beebe arose from the ground, and even through the blood that now bedabbled his face, that old smile broke forth; but it looked more demoniac now than ever before. He did not a word, nor was there apparent any unmanned working of his muscular system, only that terrible smile of his.

It followed Guy from the place, and it rested upon him while he was in sight, and when he had laid down in the woods, the stricken, bleeding man closely asked his right hand towards Heaven, and the smile gave place to an iron look, and with this extended face began he mental to write an oath upon the eternal vault above him. Slowly he let his hand fall, and then strode away to his own cot.

Zebulon Beebe was poor, and the society said to and when Nathan Bradbrook first gave him a cot to live in, and a spot of land to cultivate, on condition that he would work one half the time for him, the poor fellow was very grateful, and did all in his power to please his new host, and his son. As time passed on, the half-owner found how willing Zebulon was, and he took more and more from it. He made him work on the great farm more than half the time, and imposed upon him in other ways. This had gone on, until now the old Tory gave him a surety subsistence, and claimed all his work. Zebulon bore his cruelties and their even as another sufferings: The native ugliness and misery which they had to spit at and trample upon they heaped upon him, as we have seen. And he bore this too; but he knew in the firm purpose of his dark heart. Beyond a certain point an explosion must take place!

But one who knew him long been cord to trampling upon their kind do not realize what a change they may be working in their victim's heart. Zebulon had learned it only under the session's knife, and manners have discovered it only when the flaming brand and the midnight yell tell of insurrection and death!

Nathan Bradbrook and his son lived on and appeared their kind, nor dreamt that the poor, insubservient, unhappy being could contain a single evil thought of revenge.

Guy had his Sunday-shooting, and brought home a few birds. The host visited some of his neighbors, and did some business, while Philip, with his young cousin, Abigail Bradbrook, a true character, moved at will about the premises.

After a late breakfast, on Monday morning, the tribe started back for Gammon's settlement, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon; and having given up their horses, and received for the use of them, they repaired to the residence of Fraser Gammon, where they found the host engaged in making a duplicate muster-roll of his company.

Several had been out in all directions, but no signs of spies were to be seen. All was safe, Doctor Jones.

Its riding came, and the Tories began to gather at their secret rendezvous. At half-past eight Mr. Gammon and his party arrived. The night was calm and serene, and the stars all out, and the new moon was just disappearing beyond the distant trees, her light being, as yet, of but little consequence.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile from Gammon's residence, the party came to a copse of wood, by the side of which the path ran; and as they were passing, the clear, sharp notes of a whip-poor-will came breaking sweetly through the air. It sounded three times, and then there was a slight pause.

"What a soft note that bird has," remarked the old man.

"Yes," responded our hero; and as he spoke the same notes came piping on again.

"Ha!" laughed Guy. "Some of your little cricket! He thinks to outdo the whip-poor-will."

The bright shining of the crickets had come distinctly and clearly, and Philip heard it with a peculiar gratification, which his companions knew nothing of.

"Murder! Treason! Ed——"

The last Master Doctor cried at the top of his voice, when a blow upon the head broke his low and speechless. But the spark had taken the alarm was given. Those who had crowded into the apartment quickly crowded the other way, and commenced a terrible fray.

"Forward!" cried the Patriot captain, whose quick eye had been keeping best upon this movement. "Give them no time to arrange for defence! They are all in confusion now!"

The men understood their leader's meaning, and as he dashed down the aperture with his sword in his right hand, followed close on his heels. The Tories recovered from the first shock of the surprise, and commenced a hot and general defence; but then at bay while the rest came hurrying down.

"Surrender!" shouted Grover, in a voice of thunder—for it came like thunder upon the ears of those to whom it was directed.

"Never, by my immortal Redbreech the elder.

"A servant of the Continental Congress" returned Philip, "will never surrender, or you are all dead men in less time than would take to tell your rascally names! Do you surrender?"

The Tories were waxed out now into the dilemma, unless death were taken for a boon. Full well they knew that resistance could be made against so many leaden bullets were ready to be flashed through the poor wretches' bodies at an instant's notice.

"Shall I give the order to fire?" asked Grover. "Say the word, and there shall not be a man left alive."

No one spoke against Peter's decision, and the work of securing the prisoners was commenced at once. Those who had been cast down were bound behind them, and their feet tied; but the upright world, and there bound together, two-and-two, in the manner which they were marched off. Not a shot had been taken, though two or three of those who had fallen were dead, as well as two that might have been.

The prisoners who had been brought into the fort at the very previous occasion had been taken from the guard-room to the cells, so that at the present moments were all empty. It was then whispered about from lip to lip, and from mouth to mouth, that the Tories had come to the fort for the head-quarters at Johnstown that night.

Meanwhile, preparations were made for the start without. Jocko had followed his master to the place, and soon him disappear within the bush. Then he had joined Guy Grover, who, in a few hundred men, lay in waiting just within the wood to the westward. When the news had reached him the captain of this he proposed to return and overcome the sentinel at the entrance of the secret chamber.

"When I make him fall I'll open my hunters, and we have the half-a-dozen easily."

With this arrangement Jocko scurred the little flat hunters in his breast, and crept out of the old barn, which he reached upon the front side.

The guns and swords were all ready, and when the whole area from the barn to the edge of the wood was in the possession of the Patriots, Jocko through there without giving any alarm. In case his movement should be detected, however, he had a favourable start. He had heard of the place where about the prisoners, and he could easily arrive at the entrance to the cells before any one could hear him, but in that case his only fear would be of giving an alarm to the prisoners, for he could quickly dispose of any dog which might have the courage to approach him.

But there proved to be no need of this ruse, for the grass and weeds were sufficient. With a noiseless and cautious step he advanced with each gun upon his belly, and reached a point within a yard of the edge of the bushes, when he halted. The woods continued on down the slope, and having taken an observation, Jocko moved farther on. When he arrived at the edge of the wood, he beheld a group of Tories standing on the slope, and having their backs towards him. Behind them was a thick bandage over his lips was the work of a moment; and with his other hand he drew his knife, and left him. All was still. Not a sound broke upon the sultry air, twisted his arms around behind him, and then run him off some rods, where he halted and left him. All was still. Not a sound broke upon them?

"Turn it, sir!" muttered Jocko; and as he spoke he gave a cautious leap, alighted upon the fellow's back, with both his great sweat hands over his mouth, and then he was down upon the earth, and

the commandant, whom he found in conversation with several of his officers in one of the reception-rooms. As soon as possible the colonel excused himself from his official companions, and bade Philip follow him to his private apartment. When they entered the door was closed, and the attendance of the orderly dispensed with.

"Now, my dear Philip, we are alone!" cried Willett, as he soldier relieved. "Let me congratulate you," he continued, seizing the young man by the hand. "You have done nobly—nobly! Did I think my thanks sufficient you should have them without more, but I must not—I must receive a more substantial token of reward for your valuable services. I shall send word to Congress of your behavior, and if they do by you as they have done by others, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that your services are fully appreciated. And how looks the bottom of war to the enemward?"

"First, generous sir, let me thank you for your flattering estimation of my poor services," returned Philip, with a deep flush upon his face.

"I—I accept your thanks, my dear friend. I accept all you can think of the case, and so leave you myself grateful for them. And now to business."

Willett smiled as he spoke; and Philip smiled; and then they were serious.

"With regard to affairs in the east, without going beyond the limits of the valley, I think there will be no more raising of Tory camps for the present. The leaders at the head were very careful not to let their dupes know that the disasters at Oriskany and Fhda had been captured. They knew 'twould have caused our staff of fitra to come down. So I have taken care that the news of both captures should be sent down the river, together with the rumor that the Mohk had scurried off all up and down the river. One man at Johnstown I filled with terror to the very brim, and I have no doubt received the news. I secured him that it would be an impossibility to detain his Tories without leaving our Rebel spy amongst them."

"Do you have been to Johnstown?"

"Yes. I went down and spent the Sunday with Bradwood."

"I'm glad you had such an opportunity to set the fire going. If we can keep the Tories down in the valley, we may not have much to fear from those already organized; though I must confess that there can be no safety for Patriot settlers at present."

"So much for the east," remarked Philip; "but I have news from the west, sir."

"Ha! From the west! From Tories or Indians?"

"Indians," replied Philip. "One hundred and fifty Mohawks, under Brant, under the Great Fire, will meet at the Block House, on the Susquehanna, on Friday."

"Do you know this?" exclaimed Willett, quickly.

"Yes. I had the information from some Mohawks I met on the road, and who really believed me to be one of their most noted war-chiefs."

"And what is their aim in coming here? What do they mean to do?"

"They are to join Brant at Johnstown."

"Ahn! That's it, eh? One hundred and fifty of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"On Friday, at noon?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. To-day is Tuesday, and well gone at that. Wednesday, Thursday—two days for preparation. Do you know the position of these Heath, and the nature of the country around it?"

"Yes, sir. I am perfectly familiar with the whole territory from Schenectady."

"And you will go upon this expedition with two hundred picked men?"

"Whose pleasure, sir."

"Thank you. The Great Fox may find himself in a Rebel trap!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SONG AND SUMMER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Wield the golden hand of Morn
Southern coast o'er the sea,
And the south-wind, nearly born,
Wantonly frill'd after it;
Sing—the summer speedeth fast!
Sing—and every pleasure chase!
Soon, alas, the wintry blast
Sleigh the westland bear,
Sweet lays,
Sleigh the westland bear!

Sing, and make the blue sky proud!
Sing, and cool the deep!
Where the breeze makes silent,
Well'st joyous there!
Sing the wing from spray to spray—
Watch the bird's airy way!
Swiftly summer glides away—
Flowers have not long,
Sweet lays,
Flowers have not long.

SYRIA.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY (OSBORNE).

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time a certain King, who felt himself growing too old to reign, had his three sons brought before him, and addressed them thus:—

"My children, only a few years remain to me, and as I am not one of you stand alone, I desire to sit firmly upon his throne, a King must have three things—valor, prudence and wisdom. The first gift you have already, for I see in each two can only be found in the world outside those palace walls. Go, therefore, my sons, bring me that world, of which we have so often talked. At the end of three years come back to me, and I will decide between you."

The three princes, hearing this, exchanged joyful glances with each other, and resolved to prepare for their journey. Prince Hassan, the eldest, took with him a casket of gems, and a wand of ebony of staffs for merchandise; Prince Selim loaded his camel with a store of delicacies for his table, and doubled that; but Prince Ali, who was the youngest, took with him neither slave nor camel, only a little purse of gold, a sword of Damascus, which he bore upon his breast, a strong staff, and his trusty steed. This equipped, they kissed the hand of the king, their father, and set off.

At the end of the second day's journey, they came to a place where three roads met.

"Here let our paths divide!" cried Hassan. "Farewell, my brothers!"

He turned the head of his camel into the road that led to the distant city of Bagdad. Prince Selim drove his donkey towards the village that was lying at his feet, where he intended to remain and refresh himself with a good supper and a night's rest. Three remained for Prince Ali only the mountain path, and, after gazing at his departing brothers a moment, he sprang up the rocks, leaving on his free shod staff. The night came down over all.

Two children, watching their master's flock upon a bleak fiordal hill side, read him as they said. They were brother and sister at heart, though not in name. Two little orphans, without either friends or home, they had been only too glad to find a shelter in the last of an old dame who lived near by, and employment in watching the few sheep that fed among the hills. Yet they were strangely unlike in birth and appearance. Even from the first, she was a true child of the wild country in which he was reared. His light hair curled over a fair forehead; barely flame and honest face, all bespoke his extraction; his Syria, tall and slender beyond her years, quick and light as a fairy in her movements, with a dark, bright face, and eyes and hair of intensest blackness—how came she there? Little was known of her, save that she was left in the care of Dame Alice by a sick lady who could no longer take the charge of her, and who was said to be the wife of an officer in the English army. The lady departed—no one knew whither; the small sum of money she had left was spent, yet still the child remained. The old dame is often seen to enjoy the happy expedient of making a shepherdess of her, and Syria was only too happy at being released from the dark hut, and allowed to range at will in the sunshine. And Evan, who was the grandson of Dame Alice, felt as if he had found a pet of great importance when she was committed to his charge. He delighted in the childish mysteries of the field and pen.

There were long, long, hours of misty and many a day, when the flock were grazing quietly, and the two children had nothing to do but sit and talk, or read, in such little books as they could borrow from their master's house. One of these—a book of fairy stories—had been given to Evan, and secured to Syria by her young mistress, and many an hour did they spend in reading over its pictured pages. To these, every word was reality, every incident a truth, and the tales never grew old or wearisome.

It was in the lone and tattered volume that Evan was reading, for perhaps the twentieth time, the history of "Prince Ali, the Golden King of the Peris." When he came to the part where the three princes bade each other farewell, his little companion laid her head upon the open page.

"Stop there," she said. "Oh, Evan, can you see it all before you? I can see the mountain and the mountain path up which Prince Ali came. What do you suppose he would find among the Peris of Ewan, if it had been?"

She pointed to the range of hills that were lying far away, seeming to rest against the blue sky beyond them.

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the boy, thoughtfully. "You always know such things so much better than I do, Syria."

"He would not have found the silent city and the enchanted princess as he did in that book, Evan. And yet he would have found beautiful cities—with so many people in them. How I wish I could see them!"

"I don't, then," said Evan, stoutly. "I have heard my master tell about them. I don't want to see them all, but it was when he was a young man. He was very rich then, and could go everywhere he pleased."

"I am sure he is very rich now," said Syria, eagerly. "Do you think, Evan, he is a prince under his cities? Did he ever go to London?"

"Yes—several times," said the boy, his head, like speak of the beautiful houses and churches there till the whole territory became familiar to them. Once a lady he once saw there, who was so beautiful that every one who passed her in the street tried to stop and look at her."

"Oh! Evan—who was she?"

"He did not tell her name. But he said she was a singer. She used to sing every night in the theatre, which, you know, is a place where people go to be amused, Syria, and she made a great fortune by it—so great, that when she died it took gold enough to her coffinor to enable him to build a church."

"I should like to go to London," said Syria. "Why?"

"Oh! to see the people, and the beautiful places, and to hear such singing as they must have there. Perhaps I might sing myself, after a while. Oh! that would be fine!"

"You are much better off on the hillside, keeping the sheep with me and Dame Alice," said Evan. "And as to singing, if you come to that, I don't know who can sing better than you. If any one can, I should like to hear them."

She caught her breath, and her eyes sparkled like diamonds as she looked at him.

"Oh, Evan, do you really mean it?"

"Indeed I do. You have the prettiest singe the same songs you have taught me, but her voice never sounds like yours, and I have heard the very ballets at the music look after you many a time, when you have gone by, humming to yourself. You know you can sing well, Syria. Come, give me a song, now."

"What shall it be, Evan?"

"Sing 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' if you will."

He looked her as she began his favorite song. His voice was soft and pleasing, but he's was rich and strong as a wild bird's. Like liquid melody the sweet notes rose and fell, echoing far up the moor below them. The watchful eye of Evan noted a traveler there; he saw him turn his head up, as she began to sing, and finally attend the singing. Then he stood still, and listened with them that other, two thousand years before.

"Hush, Syria," he said, as he saw the stranger was evidently coming towards them. "Here is a stranger coming—what can he want? I have never seen him before. He has the air of a gentleman."

Syria looked down upon the ascending figure with rustled shadow and beating heart, for fear a rival was a new on in her existence. For four years they had watched the sheep among those hills, and no one had ever come to disturb them.

"Oh, Evan, it is like the fairy prince, is it not?" she whispered breathlessly, as with slow steps the stranger cleared the last rock, and stood before them.

He was a remarkable looking man, in the very prime of life. His form was almost herculean in its proportions, and his light mounted, even in the region of modern giants. "A storm of golden hair!" fell down over his shoulders, his face was frank and open, yet somewhat stern, and his large blue eyes were piercing, and full of fire. The children looked at him in awe, and he, in turn, seemed surprised at finding those young creatures alone in such a place.

"Am I bewitched?" he said, half aloud, as he strolled his mountain contemplatively. "I should have sworn I heard a voice. Children, can you tell me if you have heard any one singing near here during the last few moments."

At a sign from Syria, Evan spoke.

"My sister and I were singing, sir."

The stranger looked incredulous, but threw himself up to her full light, and bowed to the smiling child; then the curtain fell, and rose again, when the stage was clear, upon the first act of the opera.

That sudden success was not hazarded, when the prima donna took her part and sang for the first time, before an audience of thousands. Seemingly unconscious of the critical eyes that were watching, and the critical ears that were listening, she threw herself into her part with an intense enthusiasm that carried all before her hearers, and bore them to a perfect silence. Not the young and beautiful girl—but Norma herself—appeared to them—Norma torn by a thousand sorrows, yet noble and loyal to the last. The curtain fell—and for a moment not a voice was heard. She smiled to herself at that great tribute to her genius, as she leaned against a pillar, exhausted with her over-wrought feelings, and scarcely able to reply to the congratulations of her friend and master, Maximilian Sandoni, who hurried to grasp her hand and thank her by looks and words for her success.

"Hark—do you hear that?" he said, as the multitude began to shout their names together in chorus—"Syria."

She let him lead her forth before the curtain. Every one rose instinctively—and the theatre was a mist of delighted enthusiasm. "La Sirlia," "Syria the Second!" was the shout from tier to tier, and among the deluge of wreaths and bouquets that fell at her feet, a crown of white roses that was seen to flutter from a private box, which was well known to be occupied by one of the noblest of England's noble sons.

"For Syria the Second," said a clear, deep voice.

At this public act of devotion from one so well known, the house went wild over her appearance. Her falsified lifted the graceful crown with reverence, and presented it to her pupil. She bent her graceful head to receive it—she glanced up at the donor, and smiling slightly, but imperceptibly as the curtain fell between them.

For nine years "Syria the Second" reigned. For nine years she glittered, a brilliant, and meteor-like star of splendor—scenes which drove the simple cottage days of her early days from her mind. She had provided liberally for her old play-fellow and his grandmother, for Dame Alice was dead—but Evan had gone, no one knew whither. To her he was like a dream.

At the height of her power, and glory, and beauty, Syria was suddenly stricken down. A terrible disease was hanging over the devoted city of London, and she was one of the first to fall a victim to the plague. It was the commencement of insanity—that most dreaded and fatal thing—the madness. And then, for the first time, the Queen of the Opera left London, left the stage, left the world. She had no one who was bound to her save the old maid—and friends, lovers, and acquaintances alike deserted her when they knew her case. An English lord, whom Alice was to have lay upon her sick-bed—watched over only by a poor sister of charity, and prayed for only by a stranger—a heretic faith from him. God was merciful. He had seen her proud and haughty—forgiving in the circumstance of her youth, and beauty, and talents, yet never deigning to bend the knee to Him who governs all those who bow before Him. He had seen her sinking into a pit of misery, and by His own strong arm he had rescued her. Now? By adding from her everything—even that had made life so sweet—by leaving her only those things which could render Heaven dear. He gave her life, at last—but not the life she had been enjoying. He gave her reason, but it was the reason that she might prepare for the judgment-day. She was from that hot—which had so nearly been the bed of death—bereft of health and beauty, bereft of friends, and only conscious of a deep and intense love for some rest which could not fall her. His church alone could give her this. She turned from all else, and loved even the priest who came meekly and humbly, like a little child, to the feet of the Lord, acknowledging her sins, and praying that they might be taken from her. Her prayer was heard—what prayer is not, when offered in humility and with a contrite heart? And, like Christian of old, she left the burden she had borne so long at the altar of Him that died for her, and she had sinned, and suffered, and repented like her.

Few would have recognized the bright and beautiful woman in the pale and emaciated being who tottered around the garden of her town residence, leaning on her nurse's arm. Her glory was vacant; and there could be no "Syria the Second" for the weak lonely creature. Sometimes she had gone down suddenly from her high place. There are those yet living who remember her, and say they have never seen a lovelier human face. For her, nothing remained but to end her days in peaceful obscurity. The fearful crisis that shook her wasted frame, and the cold dew that moistened her lip and forehead at the slightest exertion, showed that they would be soon.

Only one desire seemed to remain in her mind. She constantly asked for her child—her darling—her plaything—the delight of her more sinful days. Her mind dwelt with pleasure on the thought of the babies of Scotland. She longed to see the lonely places once more—to tread that solemn glen, to sit upon the bleak hillside, to look upon the mountains over which she used to long to go, and which she had seen, but never might have passed beyond then die!

She heard rest till I have seen the heather in bloom," she used to cry. "I must feel the fresh air blowing around me—I suffer here the thirsting for the mountain breeze I used to sit with Evan by my side, and then I can go in peace."

But she was not encouraged deep enough to bear the journey, she set out at once, accompanied only by a single servant, and Maximilian having spoken of one of the gay throng who would once have worshipped at her clarified wheels. With a sigh she left forever the town of London, remembering the children hopes and wishes had turned thither; and how they had come with their fulfillment in a carriage and wagon, to which, as we so deeply indebted, we owe the glorious music of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This with an atmosphere, a sky, and a sun that is unique and vapors

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MYSTERIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Clouds, with a little light however,
Rifts, through the blue and the dusky,
Till on the bit the wise they mount!
I cannot find them out!

Repining say not so, in hope,
When hid with all my might;
To read the crimson lettering in
The rocket-cloven night.

Death, with that open and icy cheek,
Bearing that tongue of fire,
Oh, who is wise enough to speak,
And reveal its silence up!

Or read the veil waving on
The wall of good, by sin,
The more my reason shines upon
Its hem, the less I know!

Or show how star becomes a star,
And what it is above,
All-searching, that still-concave
Unanswering sky I love.

I only know that Wisdom planted,
And that is in my seed
To-time, which does not understand
The hoeing of my heart.

THE BOY EXECUTIONER.

A STORY OF THE DESERT.

A merchant of Tripoli, named Yezid, was travelling to Egypt. With him were his wife and three children, and two other merchants, with their wife upon camels, and camels bore their merchandise. In their way they were to cross the Lybian Desert, their business being, before the tropic.

At the close of a hot, sultry day, warm, weary and athirst, the party reached the small oasis of Lebon, which was scarcely in mid-desert. There they found water for themselves and camels, and an ample place for repose. The tents were pitched, and the beasts secured in their neighborhood, and after this the evening meal was prepared.

Yezid had gathered his family about him and made a chapter from the Koran, when the wife and youngest child had retired for the night. He sat, with his two other boys, discussing some commercial matters, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard upon the sand. Suddenly looking up, he beheld in the door of his tent, and looked forth upon the desert.

"What is it, father?" asked the eldest son, who had also arisen.

There were a band of horsemen," returned the merchant, pointing off to the westward.

"Aye—and they are of the wild Tibboos, too!" the son rejoined, for the moon was shining in the spiritual path of the coming party. "We are in danger!"

Yezid at once sprang from his tent and aroused his other merchants, and he and his sons and Tibboos came dashing up, right in manner, with the pale moonbeams reflected from their bright armor.

Much the youngest child of Yezid, heard the loud fire and in sudden alarm he left his couch, and crept through the back of the tent. Here being the robber hated ere he awoke he knew not, nor did he have time for thought, for hardly had he reached the open space when he was seized by the unflinching the camels. He stopped only to see that they were all out of the tribe of the Tibboos, and then he crept back into the tent for the purpose of getting the sheep. He searched for his father, but could not find him. He then went out by the front way, and was just in season to see the Tibboos driving off the camels.

The boy—he was only fourteen—would have given some alarm, but at the moment his eyes rested upon a prostrate form close by his feet. He stooped down and found it was the body of his father—and the one was dead, too. At a short distance another form lay—a female—his mother. He found his father, too, and the same fate—he was dead! The Tibboos had murdered them every one, and carried off everything of value save the tents.

The boy knelt over the dead by his side, and rent his garments in twain. He had loved his parents and his brothers, and he was female now. When he had become weak from excessive grief, he threw himself upon the blood-stained grass, and there he lay for hours among the dead. At last he became resting upon his pale cheek, and glistening upon his tears.

Finally the boy started to his feet, and gazed once more about him. For a long while he looked then, and then he raised his clasped hands towards Heaven.

"A poor child is left alone upon the wide desert. His life has been made dark in its early morn, and he loves now to be removed from it. He is dead. My mother, where art thou? My father, where art thou? My brothers—all—all! Is death beautiful then? Dead! Dead! And who hath done it? The rebellion of the Tibboos hath been here with its dark deeds of the work of their hands!"

Having spoken this in a mournful, impassioned strain, the boy moved to the side of his dead mother, and kissed her. He did the same to his father and brothers, and then he arose and wiped his hands again. This time a fierce fire burned in his eye and his cheek was crimson with scarlet.

"The Tibboo chieftain hath done it. Malek Shah, of the family, is left to tell the story. Shall he tell that he fled from before the face of the murderer, or shall he tell how he avenged his dead? Father—mother—brothers—you shall be avenged! Malek Shah!"

With a narrow tent-spade which had been left behind, Malek dug the graves of his friends. He was many hours at the work, for his arms were not as sinews as was done. But the last prayer was said by the boy-chief as it taught, and he once smoothed over the resting-place of all that was sacred of his heart. Then he laid himself beneath the cold sod, and slept alone.

In the morning Malek arose, and having loosed himself upon the ground, he knelt, made, and said his prayers, he prepared for the task before him. First he gathered his skin with water because he could be found at hand, and then he gathered up such provisions as he could find, and filled a leathern bottle with water. To follow the track of the murderers over the sand was easy enough, for there had been no wind to fill them up.

For three days the boy followed the trail, and when he awoke on the morning of the fourth, he saw a small village ahead, which lay at the foot of rugged mountains. He pushed on, and at the end he stopped and asked for food. An old woman named Noema owned the place, and she admitted the applicant at once. Malek told her he was from the mountains, and that his parents were dead. She took pity, and offered him a home if he would be a son to her. She had lost all her children, and was alone. The Moorish boy readily accepted her offer, and from that time he had a home. Old Noema protected him, and clothed him as her own; and when people asked her whence the child came, she said—"He is my grandsister's child, and he found his way to my hut."

As soon as Malek dare question Noema, he began to gain light. He found that the chief of the place was named Ben-Zazza, and that he was a robber by profession. In time she told him that she learned all he could with regard to know, and a part of it he learned from the chieftain's own lips. Ben-Zazza and seven of his followers were the men who had murdered his family. He made sure of this—he knew every name and face.

Malek grew to manhood among the mountains, and at length he found the time and place he sought. It was where a narrow shelf road crept around a mountain's side. This road, perpendicular mountain-side, and overlooked a frightful chasm, along the far-off bottom of which a stream of water rushed with a torrent. It was a wild, fearful place, but the boy was not afraid. Day after day he made his way to that ghastly spot, and there worked right bravely.

This shelf, which seemed to be midway up the steep mountain-side, led from a rugged pathway which only the wild gazelle had trodden before. It was not over six feet wide at the narrowest point, and then led for some distance in a circuitous way, but when it became straight it widened to a broad inclined plane. This plane descended at such an angle that no man could have held himself on it, and at a distance of some fifty feet it ended abruptly, leaving a broad chasm open at its foot. Soon beneath the mountain on a plane. But the chasm had been opened clear to the roaring torrent in the bottom—a fearful distance. The side of the mountain had been wholly cleft in twain, so that between the two ends of the shelf there was a yawning gulf.

Malek got long, strong vines, and having secured them in the rocks above, he let himself down the inclined plane. Then he brought long, dry sticks, and laid them across the chasm, and when he had framed a groundwork thus, he brought grass and twigs, and broad flakes of bark. At last he let himself down upon the sweeping plane, and with his knife he cut off the vines in another way, and worked upon the opposite side.

Months had passed since the boy Moor commenced his work, and now the work of great magnitude—a work which few strong men would have dared to undertake or execute. But the boy had done it. Day after day had he labored alone in the desert, and his task was done but little done. But when the months had gone, and the rainy season was at hand, the work was complete.

One morning Ben-Zazza sat in his tent, and with him were the seven men who had helped to murder the Moorish merchants. While they conversed, Noema's boy entered, and announced that a party of men were on a visit to their place.

"What now?" asked Ben-Zazza, half angrily, for he was annoyed by the news of new metal from his bosom—a piece which he had obtained from that very room a month before—and he thought it to be child.

"What is that, Ben-Zazza?" he asked.

"Tis!" cried the Tibboo, starting. "'Tis gold! pure gold! Whence came it?"

"From the mountains."

"Ha! The mountains!"

"Yes, valiant chieftain. I found it in a bed where is a wonderful mine."

"You did?"

"Yes. But the way is difficult of access."

"Never mind. Tis pure gold! Lead on then!"

"I will lead you, and there will be room for all."

Ben-Zazza dared not object to his side following him, and so long Malek was leading the way over the rough path of the mountains.

At last they reached the passage, and the chieftain wondered what could have led the lad thither. The latter said he had come in search of eggs for birds.

At the end of about three hours they came to the narrow shelf upon the steep mountain-side; but as the boy went boldly on the men began to hesitate. When Malek reached the edge of the declivity he stopped and turned to Ben-Zazza.

"Do you see that bed of moss and gravel?" he asked, pointing down to the strange work he had done.

"Yes—we see it; but how do you reach it?"

"Why—it is easy to slide down. You will only have to do it, to settle down and start. You'll stop when you reach the bottom."

"And the gold—is there?"

"Follow me and look for yourself. Here—no more room!"

As the boy spoke he settled in a sloping posture, and launched himself on the descent. The seven men followed his example. The shelf was wide here, and they had room to start nearly together. Malek went on ahead—and he lay down beneath the cold sod, and slept alone.

In the morning Malek arose, and having loosed himself upon the ground, he knelt, made, and said his prayers, he prepared for the task before him. First he gathered his skin with water because he could be found at hand, and then he gathered up such provisions as he could find, and filled a leathern bottle with water. To follow the track of the murderers over the sand was easy enough, for there had been no wind to fill them up.

For three days the boy followed the trail, and when he awoke on the morning of the fourth, he saw a small village ahead, which lay at the foot of rugged mountains. He pushed on, and at the end he stopped and asked for food. An old woman

—made a desperate plunge for the spot where the boy-avenger stood—but he might as well have tried to leap to heaven. He touched the bunker fabric, and in a moment more he was lost to sight. The chieftain comprehended their dreadful fate now. They threw themselves upon their backs, and pressed their hands upon the rock; but the smooth surface afforded them no holding-place. Down they went—down—down—down—the voice of the child came, she said—"He is my grandsister's child, and he found his way to my hut."

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